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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WHILE a Franco sloop was shelling an unarmed Spanish merchantman off the Norfolk coast, Axis arbitration was handing to Hungary all the fat of Eastern Czechoslovakia, and Czech subjects who have trusted us were being thrown into concentration camps, Mr. Chamberlain was explaining the next steps in the policy of appeasement. First we are to rearm very expensively, but not in such a way as to embarrass the interests of big business. There is to be no Ministry of Supply; no powers are to be taken to secure priority for armament production or even to rationalise the present anarchy of high costs, bottle-necks in output and gross profiteering. Voluntary effort on the part of industry—in other words, of the employers—is to meet the needs of the fighting services; and as for A.R.P. and personal service, the new Minister of Civilian Defence, Sir John Anderson, is to sustain equally the voluntary system and is to combine "co-ordination" (blessed word!) with vaguely defined "responsibility" for civilian recruitment, evacuation plans, transport and food supplies, as well as protection against aerial attack. Even the *Times* was constrained to admit that, in the light of the "grave deficiencies" disclosed a month ago, there was nothing "dramatic" in these proposals.

The "J'Aime Berlin" Credo

This is perfectly logical, for the Prime Minister is not proposing to strengthen the forces of democracy against the advance of Fascism. Dr. Goebbels said last week that "Nazi Germany was advancing with *Mein Kampf* in one hand and the sword in the other," but Mr. Chamberlain waves the declaration of friendship signed jointly with Hitler at Munich and believes that Britain can "work together" with the Totalitarian States "for the operation of a constructive programme." So why should Britain worry? Those who described Munich as a defeat for law and decency in Europe were guilty of defamatory criticism, whose suppression in the dictatorship countries Mr. Chamberlain spoke of with envy. The Munich terms had been executed in an orderly manner; and, if this or that detail was not agreeable to British opinion, it could not be helped: war had been avoided and Germany's good-will gained. Germany, Mr. Chamberlain thinks, will not shut British exporters out of the Balkan market; the Axis Powers have no territorial ambitions in Spain—a strange credulity if territory includes strategical positions. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was really an invitation to Britain to sit back complacently, assured that the Government, in the name of appeasement, will always be able to avert war from Britain by co-operating with the dictators in a policy of expanding at the expense of weaker neighbours.

M. Marchandeau Goes

One more plan for the rectification of the finances of France has been sabotaged by the Two Hundred Families. Confronted with the problem of the Budget for 1939, orthodox and cautiously minded M. Marchandeau appears to have come to the conclusion—reached long ago by M. Blum—that the case could not be met without a tax on capital and at least a partial form of exchange control. The Cabinet, not daring to defy the bankers, vetoed the Minister of Finance's proposals. M. Marchandeau thereupon resigned, but was persuaded to swap offices with the Minister of Justice, M. Reynaud, who has undertaken to produce a different plan by the end of this week. So far as foreign affairs are concerned, the promotion of M. Reynaud, a French Churchillian, may do something to counteract the defeatist influence of M. Bonnet; but in the immediate issue of securing funds for the Treasury his probable policy is anybody's guess. He has declared against further devaluation of the franc, and will be loath to attempt a capital levy. His inclination will be to stimulate economic recovery as a long-range solution for the Treasury's difficulties, but will time be given him for reconstruction on "liberal" economic lines?

The Far East

The Japanese have struck another blow in China this week. They have landed a large force at Futsing, some 30 miles from Foochow, the capital of Fukien province, a big commercial and industrial city and an important gateway to the interior. But with all their recent military successes, there is no sign that the invaders are near conquering China. The National Political Council, meeting at Chunking, has passed a resolution of confidence in the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, and he on his side proclaims his determination to carry on the struggle. China's strength, he points out, lies in her great hinterland, and his policy is to draw the enemy further into the interior. The abandonment of Hankow was not a flight but a strategic withdrawal. With Chinese morale unbroken there seems little likelihood of the peace that Japan wants, a peace which would make China her vassal—and incidentally close the doors to Western trade. This threat has been made again and again from Tokio and it is only a few weeks since the United States Government sent a Note protesting against the violations of the "open door policy" already committed by Japan. Our own optimistic Prime Minister is apparently undisturbed by the prospect of the ruin of British trade in the Far East. When the war is over, he says, a great deal of capital will be needed to rehabilitate China, and Japan will then fade out of the picture and we shall come in. Mr. Chamberlain, in fact, thinks it will be even easier to outwit the Japanese than it was to outwit Herr Hitler!

Germany, Poland and the Jews

The fate of the Polish Jews settled in Germany is being discussed in Berlin as we write. Ten or twelve thousand of these unhappy people, men, women and children, were hounded out of the Reich last week-end—in anticipation of a Polish measure which would deprive them of Polish citizenship and leave them as a perpetual responsibility in Germany. Some of them have succeeded in getting to Warsaw or other towns in Poland; a great number have been stranded in or near the frontier town of Zbonszyn, where their distress has been more or less alleviated by the Polish authorities or by charitable organisations. The Polish Government has taken a firm stand (not, of course, from any love of the Jews), and insists that all the deportees must be taken back by Germany. Otherwise retaliation is threatened, and some thousands of German nationals in Poland, are already listed for repatriation. The Jews themselves, or most of them, want to go back. Many have property in Germany and no resources in Poland; many are only technically Polish citizens and do not even speak Polish. But if, as the result of the Berlin negotiations, the deportees are allowed to return immediately, that will not end the matter. A decision has to be taken on the whole body of Polish Jews in the Reich, whose total is estimated at 50,000 or more, and whom neither Germany nor Poland wants. Unless some new home can be found for them, their future may be dark indeed.

Germany's Trade Drive

The methods by which the Germans are setting out to dominate South-Eastern Europe economically as well as politically have been made much clearer by the terms of the German offer to Bulgaria. The details have not been announced; but, broadly, the Germans want to purchase the entire export surplus of Bulgaria, including both foodstuffs and raw materials, for a period of years, and to pay for it entirely in German produce, including exports of capital goods and the services of German experts in reorganising and developing the Bulgarian economic system. They propose that the rates of exchange between Bulgarian and German exports shall be fixed now absolutely for the period of years to be covered by the arrangement, and that the remuneration of the German experts shall be fixed in the same way. If the agreement went through, Bulgaria would get an assured market for a period, at the cost of losing all access to other markets and of adapting her entire economy to fit in with Germany's needs. During the period of the agreement, Bulgaria would have no foreign exchange wherewith to buy any goods except from Germany; and at the end of the period the Germans would be in a position to drive for the future as hard a bargain as they might choose. These conditions are so plainly disadvantageous that the Bulgarians, who have so far insisted on selling their foodstuffs in the world market for cash, can hardly accept them in full.

The League After Munich

In the name of economy curious things are being done at Geneva. It is easy to understand that many countries which still subscribe for the support of the League of Nations should begin asking whether they are getting good value for their money, and to suggest that the League ought to accept a system of "payment by results." But there appears to be a good deal more than mere economy in the cutting down that is now in process. It is, indeed, no secret that the occasion is being used to weed out officials suspect of undue fidelity to the League idea, and therefore unwelcome to the Fascist Powers. Perhaps inevitably the League is having to adjust itself to the post-Munich alignment of forces in Europe. An incidental, but highly important, by-product of this process is that League activity is threatened with curtailment not only in those spheres in which the League has failed, but also where it has been an outstanding success. The I.L.O. and the

Health Section, which are both doing excellent work, are being ordered to release their staffs as a part of the general process of reducing the League to a mere side-show. Democrats everywhere have then to make a double protest —both against the rearrangement of League personnel to please the dictators and against any cutting down of the really valuable and constructive work which the League is still doing in the sanitary and industrial fields.

The Church in Spain

Since Franco propaganda has exploited the idea that the Spanish Government is a ruthless enemy of Catholicism, news of better relations between Dr. Negrin and the Vatican is of considerable importance. Last week an article in the *Temps* welcomed, as a sign of coming appeasement in Spain, a great Catholic demonstration in Barcelona at the funeral of a Basque captain in which three members of the Republican Government took part. He recalled Dr. Negrin's promise of last June to secure "the rights of conscience and respect for religion" and "to guarantee freedom of worship." It should be remembered that a large part of the Government's supporters are Catholics and that popular demonstrations at the beginning of the war, often ascribed to Bolshevism and atheism, were in fact rather a natural protest against the political alliance of clericalism with their Fascist enemies.

The Labour Manifesto

The declaration of policy issued last Saturday by the National Executive of the Labour Party is a sensible appeal to the people of this country. Its emphasis is on the need to maintain British freedom. We can still help Spain and perhaps rebuild a system of collective security —but not until we have a Government which cares about democracy. Without shutting the door upon the creation of a National Opposition, the Manifesto outlines Labour's plans for democratic rearmament, and shows that the short-term programme for public control of finance, food production and foreign trade, of coal, power, transport and armaments-manufacture has been given an added cogency by the present emergency. Denouncing both conscription and cuts in the social services as unnecessary and positively harmful, it shows that effective rearmament is only possible within the framework of Socialist reconstruction, and exposes the fallacy that democracy need be weaker than dictatorship. Very properly this work of democratic revival is described as the *first task* of a Labour Government, and foreign policy is shown to be dependent upon this reconstruction. Labour announces that it is ready for rearmament, but it must be democratic rearmament as a function of a democratic foreign policy.

Municipal Elections

Taking the country as a whole, Labour has not recovered from the set-back which it suffered three years ago. Though the net losses are small, they have meant the disappearance of Labour majorities in six provincial boroughs. The only overwhelming defeats were in Burnley, Birmingham and Liverpool. The last two are no doubt—for very different reasons—special cases; but the loss of control in Burnley is symptomatic of the deplorable condition of the Labour Party throughout Lancashire. In contrast with these set-backs, solid gains were made on the Tyneside, in Derby, and in Middlesbrough, while Leeds is again in sight of the majority which it richly deserves. The most encouraging results were those in outer London and the Home counties, where the influence of the London Labour Party could be felt. Mr. Herbert Morrison's personality inspires confidence far outside the boundaries of the L.C.C. Once again this year there is a marked contrast between the successes of a young and vigorous Labour movement in the south, and the quiet disintegration of the Party in what are commonly reckoned to be some of its strongest areas.

Public Health

The annual report, for 1937, of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health (*Stationery Office*, 3*s.* 6*d.*) is a record of progress which is satisfactory in some points, very much less so in others. The development of the various specialist services, which are dealt with at some length, is impressive, but there is still much to be done. The infant mortality rate has fallen to 58, which is only one point higher than the record low rate in 1935. The maternal mortality rate was 3.26 per 1,000 live births—the lowest since 1911. We are glad to know that the local authorities in general are showing a commendable activity in carrying out the maternity and child welfare branch of their work. Deaths from tuberculosis and cancer show a slight increase, and the Chief Medical Officer admits that these and certain other diseases "still exact too heavy a toll in our national bills of mortality." On the subject of Nutrition, the Report refers to the various investigations and surveys which are proceeding. These are all to the good; but it would be better still if we could see more positive steps taken to carry out the advice and recommendations of the experts. Malnutrition is a crying evil up and down the country—and it is a remediable evil.

Mr. Elliot Takes it Back

Mr. Walter Elliot must have had an unhappy week. It can hardly make a man happy to find himself compelled to explain that he has been grossly misrepresented when in fact he has only uttered an obvious and even self-evident truth. For if the Government is really preparing to rearm to the teeth, without applying any compulsory control over the profit-making interests, as the Government's rejection of a Ministry of Supply evidently involves, it is obvious that the social services are bound to suffer. Rearmament and the social services can both be financed without an intolerable tax-burden or inflationary borrowing and huge budget deficits only if steps are taken rigidly to control prices and to order the armament firms to deliver the goods even at the cost of foregoing more profitable orders. As the Government will certainly not control the profit-makers, it must try to retrench upon the social services; and there is abundant evidence that this is being done already, and that local expenditure on education and other services is already being restricted by the refusal of approval to new projects. All this is clear enough, but not the kind of thing a Government wants to tell the public during a by-election. Accordingly, Mr. Elliot had to eat his words; but he can hardly have enjoyed the taste of them.

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AFTER PRAGUE—BARCELONA

THE first task of Parliament in order of time was to hold an inquest on the independence and integrity of Czechoslovakia. The surgeons of Munich operated on a gallant democracy that had been their friend and ally for twenty years; they left her a mutilated dominion of the Third Reich. From among the hundreds of thousands of lives he has ruined Mr. Chamberlain consents to receive some 350 broken fugitives as refugees in this country. What he has done he has done.

The Czechs have been betrayed; the Spaniards fight on. Luckily for them they had no allies. It is none the less possible for the Western Powers to make their gallant struggle of no effect, and on Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain announced that he is about to do so. The decision to ratify the Anglo-Italian Pact is one of those acts of policy so shameless that they leave spectators speechless. What can one say, save to recite the well-known facts? Mussolini has withdrawn 10,000 of his infantry, exhausted by eighteen months' service in Spain. There remain, according to official Italian statements, some 30,000 Italian troops, and these include all the aviators, the artillery and the tank crews to whom Franco owes most of his successes. Neutral estimates that should be reliable double this admitted total. The Spanish Government in a sober and detailed memorandum argues that the present total is actually about 90,000 with over 1,300 warplanes, and it adds that reinforcements still arrive. In addition to these, there are the German technical troops, who may number another 10,000. There is also a contingent of Portuguese regulars. While this formidable foreign army remains on Franco's side, the Republic has withdrawn all its foreign volunteers, and called in a League Commission to certify that none remain. Their nominal total was 10,000, but a high proportion of these were wounded men. Mr. Chamberlain now accepts as a "settlement" of the Spanish question this withdrawal of a mere fraction of the Italian invaders. Only last April he told Mr. Attlee that the withdrawal of volunteers would be only the preliminary step; thereafter he would consider whether Spain had ceased to be a menace to European peace.

This act of ratification formally condones the conquest of Abyssinia. It is probably intended that it shall give Italy access as a borrower to the City of London, and it is a necessary step towards the formation of the Four Power Concert that is the goal of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Its immediate effect in Rome and Berlin is already clearly legible in the semi-official press of these capitals. They read it as Mr. Chamberlain's permission to complete for the Axis the conquest of the Spanish Peninsula. Its sequel, with the help of the Non-Intervention Committee, will doubtless be belligerent rights for Franco, with the permission of the two chief maritime Powers to impose a blockade on the Republic. This will mean the end of the Nyon arrangements. It will thereafter be lawful for the Italian submarines and seaplanes in Franco's service to assail British and other foreign ships on the high seas, and to order them into rebel ports on pain of destruction. Since the one-sided embargo of the Powers of the London Committee already denies arms to the Republic, this blockade can have only one purpose. It will be designed to prevent the arrival and indeed to prevent the sailing of ships laden with food for Republican Spain. Crowded within this besieged area is nearly 70 per cent. of the population of Spain. It raises little wheat and few cattle. Mr. Chamberlain and his satellite M. Daladier have its fate in their hands. By consenting to a blockade they can hand it over, after some months of yet intenser suffering, to Italy and to Fascism. Its army may be unconquerable, even under the weight of German and Italian armaments, but it can be taken in the rear by famine.

We shall not pause to argue that British policy, if it follows this course, will betray the liberties of Spain and of Europe. Such arguments would be addressed in vain to the two governments that have acted as Hitler's agents in Czechoslovakia. But this policy, as we see it, is fatal to the safety of our own island and of France. They are now a narrow asylum on the shores of the Atlantic, in which democracy itself is a refugee. Against it the two Dictators are consolidating, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, the most formidable empire that Europe has known since the days of Napoleon. It has, since Russia was alienated, an overwhelming superiority in man-power and in armaments, more especially in the air; and it cannot now be reduced by sea-power.

On two conditions the Atlantic democracies might hold their own against it. They could restore the balance that now overwhelms them, if they would take Russia into a defensive partnership. But Spain presents an even more immediate problem. If the Axis acquires this strategic position, then this little Atlantic realm of freedom is encircled and its communications cut. If thereafter Mr. Chamberlain, with M. Daladier in tow, enters the Four Power Concert, he will be as impotent in its councils as he was at Munich. Lord Baldwin used to say that our frontier lay on the Rhine. The keys to our safety and even to our independence lie as certainly in the Pyrenees.

What answer would Mr. Chamberlain's admirers make to this charge—a charge which would be an accusation of treason if the accusers had been Conservatives and the accused a Labour Government? They might say that the Republic will not actually be blockaded. Before that happens some mission perhaps, on the Runciman model, will be sent to Barcelona? It will offer the Republic the choice between starvation or mediation. A king will be offered it, selected by Downing Street? Dr. Negrin may be compensated with a chair in Chicago, whose students may learn from him and Dr. Benes all that Europe has forgotten about democracy. As in Czechoslovakia, the parties of the Left will be suppressed and monarchy will be restored, based on the landed grandees, the army and the hierarchy of the Church. Thereafter British capital will rebuild a Spain purged of its Trade Unions.

All this is part of the delusion of minds that still linger in the nineteenth century. Military power is to-day overwhelmingly superior to economic power. Before Hitler began to mobilise in the middle of August, Downing Street imagined that he could be stopped by lavish investments, credits and purchases in Belgrade, Angora and Bucharest. That dream was dissipated at Munich. We doubt whether Barcelona is ever likely to court the fate that overtook Prague by accepting British mediation. But if it should ever come to international negotiation over Spain, does anyone in his senses suppose that the

two Powers which for two years have used their resources to conquer Spain for Franco will stand aside and accept a British settlement? They hold all the key positions, and without their support General Franco would be impotent. The settlement, if Mr. Chamberlain permits the Italian and German technical troops to remain in Spain and consents to a blockade, will be, like the peace of Munich, yet another triumph for the Axis.

Only on one hypothesis is this policy intelligible. Mr. Chamberlain views with indifference or even with sympathy the consolidation of Italo-German power in Spain, because he regards the leaders of the Axis as his partners of to-morrow. There is for him no antagonism between the diminishing democratic *bloc* and the expanding Fascist *bloc*. For him, as for it, the class-enemy is to be sought in Moscow, and in any grouping of the Left, be it Front Populaire or Frente Popolar. If by hunger, with British and French complicity, Spain can be reconquered for reaction, he will feel that the world has been made safer for capitalism. The puzzle is not that he and the governing class should think thus. It is rather that in France and in this country the progressive forces have not been able to unite more effectively to prevent this betrayal.

"MORE FARES, PLEASE"

LONDON'S travelling public is faced with the possibility of increased fares. The reason is London Transport's failure, owing to rising costs, to earn the "standard" 5½ per cent. on a portion of its capital. At last the Board, which previously has resisted all pressure to raise fares on the ground that higher charges do not necessarily mean increased revenue, has announced that this question is now being investigated. In any case, the main line railways who pool their receipts with London Transport are to apply for a 5 per cent. increase on the suburban lines. Failure to pay the standard rate this year has brought the Board's affairs to a head. A public corporation, devised by a Labour Minister of Transport but brought into being by a National Government, London Transport is neither publicly nor privately owned. It is neither representative of private nor public enterprise. It is far from being a socialised body, the Board is not even answerable to Parliament; nor is it a capitalist concern as its stockholders have no voice in its control. Although it has direct responsibility to no one, the Board has carried on in a public-spirited way to the extent possible under the great handicap of an insupportable capital burden, inherited from the Underground combine and the other concerns it acquired.

Overcapitalised, the earning of interest has of necessity been the prime consideration. This was made clear by Lord Ashfield during the London bus strike in May, 1937. A statement issued then concerning the busmen's demands included this sentence: "If, therefore, they were conceded, the Board would be unable to discharge the responsibilities placed upon them by Parliament and their position would thus become of extreme gravity." The position of "extreme gravity" has now arisen, despite the defeat of the busmen, because other than labour costs have risen and various factors have made the interest burden of the Board unbearable. Because the Board has failed to live up to its financial obligations the London busmen's sacrifices in May of last year were in vain.

Where demands for increased facilities or changes in fares are made, Parliament decided that they must be considered in the light of the Board's financial obligations. In particular, the London Transport Act of 1933 provided that charges could be so increased as to produce the necessary revenue to pay the high rate of 5½ per cent. on its "C" stock. This has never been earned, but its importance cannot be overestimated because the obligation to earn it influences working conditions and charges to the public. Any savings or increased revenue is by right allocated to the payment of interest until the full 5½ per cent. has been paid, and even thereafter a further ½ per cent., making 6 per cent. in all, can be distributed. Failure to pay once in three consecutive years gives stockholders the sanction of applying to the High Court for the appointment of a Receiver and Manager. This they can now do, as the report issued last week discloses earnings of only 4 per cent. on the "C" stock.

The sanction can only be applied by holders of 5 per cent. of the "C" stock. An unfortunate situation arose in the payment of compensation whereby the privately owned transport company of Thomas Tillings and Co. received a very large block of "C" stock, only part of which it distributed to its stockholders. Tillings is in the position of holding enough stock to impose the sanction without the aid of other stockholders. This puts into the hands of its Chairman, Mr. J. F. Heaton, the power to apply to the Court on behalf of Thomas Tillings for the appointment of a Receiver. As soon as it was announced that the standard rate would not be paid, Mr. Heaton rushed into print demanding increased fares. He pits his experience against that of Lord Ashfield in claiming that increased fares do lead to increased revenue, and claims that 6*d.* in the £ increase on fares would be enough to pay the standard rate. Having made this statement, Mr. Heaton is in the strong position of wielding the threat of receivership if fares are not increased, and it is conceivable that if his demand was granted application to the Court would not be made. To do this, however, would be to shirk the issue, as the necessity of earning the standard rate would remain and the threat of receivership would continue to hang over the Board and the position remain unchanged, and the power in the hands of Mr. Heaton considerable.

It is in the interests of London Transport's workers and the travelling public that an increase of fares should be refused, so that the matter of the standard rate should be thrashed out and the reconstitution of London Transport thereby brought about. It is important that the London Transport Act should be amended, removing the priority of the standard rate, otherwise earning of interest will continue to exercise its overwhelming influence. At the same time, the opportunity should be taken of remedying the original defects of the Act.

That the L.P.T.B. would ultimately find itself in its present position was inevitable owing to the over-capitalisation of the Board and the intolerable burden of interest which hangs over it. It was not only the standard rate on the "C" stock which was too high, but also the fixed rate on all the debenture stocks issued, the average rate on all stocks paid being 4½ per cent. Worse still is the long-dated nature of the stocks, which rules out any possibility of conversion to lower interest rates. The £16,000,000 of 5 per cent. "A" stock and the £23,000,000 of 4½ per cent. "A" stock cannot be redeemed before 1985, while the £23,000,000 of 5 per cent. "B" stock cannot be redeemed before 1965. It is this burden of interest which has made and will continue to make the payment of the standard rate impossible; and which makes the earning of interest so vital a factor in the Board's operation. These high rates arose from the principle of providing the same income to original stockholders in the combine and other concerns acquired as previously received. At the time no consideration was given to the fact that security of a public corporation was greater than that of private enterprise. What is more, the income was fixed on the 1930 level, since when there has been a fall in interest rates from which holders of London Transport are immune. War Loan holders had to receive 3½ per cent. instead of 5 per cent., but holders of £16,000,000 of "A" stock, and £23,000,000 of "B" stock will continue to receive their 5 per cent. until 1985 and 1965 respectively. This, of course, is past history, but is it irrevocable? A case for compulsory conversion of these stocks to lower rates of interest can be made out on two grounds. First, on the general fall in interest

rates (unforeseen and unpredictable at the time of the negotiations), and second, on the generosity of the compensation, which failed to take into account any change in conditions affecting London Transport, and which fixed the income at the level of the most prosperous years of the combine.

The difficulty, of course, is that to go back now on the terms of acquisition would be interpreted as a breach of contract. It could only be brought about by introducing an amending Bill into Parliament. It would constitute an interference in financial matters against which the financial community would protest vehemently; but because of a mistake that was made in 1930 to 1932, must the travelling public of London and the employees of London Transport suffer until 1965 and 1985? Is there not some compromise possible which would lighten interest, relieve the burden of the Board, eliminate the necessity for increasing fares and make it possible for other considerations than the earning of interest to take priority?

Already the possibility of guaranteeing a lower standard rate on the "C" stock has been mooted. That is not enough. The stock is already selling on a basis which would lead to an enhancement in value if a Government guarantee of anything over 2½ per cent. were given. Possibly, therefore, a guarantee of this amount and the payment up to a maximum of 4 per cent. if earned would be satisfactory to stockholders. To do anything like this, however, without converting the remaining stocks which rank ahead would make no great difference. A Government guarantee of the interest on all the debentures would almost certainly be of no cost to the State but would compensate to some extent for the reduced interest. If "A" stockholders, for instance, were guaranteed 4 per cent. and the redemption dates brought back the stock would probably fall little in value and considerable interest would be saved. A case for reducing the "B" stock even more drastically could be made out, but the actual interest to be guaranteed and the dates of redemption are a matter for careful consideration. It is important first to establish the principle that there should be a reduction in interest on all London Transport Stocks, and this should be compensated for with a Government guarantee.

Further, it is necessary that the definite relationship of the Board to the community should be established. It was originally intended that the Board should be appointed by the Minister of Transport, but the National Government removed the appointment to a queer body of appointing trustees. This means the Board is not responsible to the State. All that is necessary is to make members of the Board responsible to the Minister of Transport, through whom they would be represented in Parliament and to whom they would be answerable. Further appointments to the Board should be made by him, vacancies filled by him, and Parliament should have the right by resolution to remove any member of the Board.

Finally, there is a further argument, on grounds of national defence, in favour of removing the L.P.T.B. from the field of operation mainly for financial gain. Responsible as it is for passenger transport within the London traffic area, which stretches far beyond London's borders, its efficient operation and protection is of vital importance to national defence. The recent closing of certain tube stations in order to protect tubes from flooding if bombs dropped into the Thames, together with the possibility of using the Underground as air-raid shelters, are instances of this.

To sum up, before the Londoner is asked to pay more for his bus or tube ride, an undertaking should be given that the London Transport Act will be so amended as (1) to make the Board responsible to the Minister of Transport and through him to Parliament, Parliament having the right to remove members of the Board and the Minister to fill vacancies. (2) Power to be given to convert the existing "A" and "B" stocks to a lower rate of interest at an early date, the Government being empowered to guarantee the new rates if found desirable. (3) The standard rate on the "C" stock to be reduced and the sanction removed. Here also the Government guarantee should be made possible. London Transport, despite its difficulties, has on the whole creditably fulfilled its duty to the public. If it is to retain the public's goodwill and obtain the fresh capital necessary for further expansion, these reforms aimed at making it more of a public utility and less of an interest-earning body are essential. If they are not made, as the earning of the standard rate looks impossible, the sanction of applying for a Receiver will hang over the Board like the sword of Damocles and continue to handicap the free operation and development of London Transport.

ERNEST DAVIES

A LONDON DIARY

THE other day a Danish newspaper reported Mr. Richard Acland's first-hand evidence given in the House of Commons that he had seen a refugee woman in Czechoslovakia who had been branded with a swastika by the Nazis. The German authorities lost no time in bringing pressure to bear; the editor was sacked and the paper made to publish an abject apology. The warning is sufficiently obvious and comes pat after Mr. Churchill's prophecy that Mr. Chamberlain's policy would quickly mean the end of press and parliamentary freedom in this country. I have given some examples recently of the way in which official pressure is brought to bear on newspapers. Newspapers are open in varying degrees to "influence," but few people know to what extent the Government now has the legal powers to coerce papers which are not amenable. One of the most important of these powers is the Official Secrets Acts, which, as the Sandys affair showed, may be used to bully a member of Parliament, while there have been several recent cases in the courts to prove that they can be applied in trivial matters to coerce newspapers. I am glad to see that British journalists are fully aware of this danger and that the Official Secrets Act will be thoroughly discussed at a Conference which the National Union of Journalists is holding in conjunction with the National Council of Civil Liberties this week-end. Major Lloyd George is in the Chair and the speakers include Compton Mackenzie, A. P. Herbert and Dingle Foot, who is the sponsor of a Bill designed to restrict the Official Secrets Act to its proper function of dealing with espionage. People do not yet fully realise that every surrender to Fascism abroad increases the threat to our liberties at home. Liberty is no abstract ideal, but a matter of concrete rights which we have been so accustomed to exercise that we scarcely realise that we possess them. One of the first jobs for all of us who are threatened is to unite with other people whose rights are in jeopardy. The tactics of the authoritarian state in internal affairs are the same as those of Fascism in international matters. If we think that some concessions do not matter and allow our rights to be whittled away one by one, we shall wake up one morning, as democratic Germany woke up, to find our whole position has been undermined.

* * *

I was asked the other day what I thought ought to be done to give Labour a real chance of victory at the polls. I said first that two central and popular points should be selected from its programme and that it should be a condition of speaking as a candidate or propagandist on any Labour platform always to start and end with these points. From an electoral point of view, there cannot be too much repetition of the central things for which the Party stands; argument, personal views and facts are desirable, but if a fatal confusion is to be avoided the blow of the hammer should always fall on the same place. Secondly, I said it was essential to have a leader who can be built up as a great national figure. This the Labour Party now lacks. The Prima Donnas—MacDonald, Snowden and Thomas went in 1931; George Lansbury, known and loved everywhere, resigned in 1935, and Mr. Attlee, most disinterested of men and an excellent conciliator in time of trouble, lacks this magnetic quality which is essential in days when elections are won on "Trust Baldwin," and

"The Man who gave you Peace." If the Party is ever to win power it cannot select its leader solely with reference to the problems of internal harmony. It is not a matter for personal feelings; no one's feelings should be hurt and no question of precedent or seniority arise. There are a number of able men on the front Labour bench—Dalton, Alexander, Lees-Smith, and others. There is Stafford Cripps, who is known everywhere and who has outstanding qualities. But he is generally held to have lost his chance of leadership. There is Herbert Morrison, who has the advantage of a great reputation as an administrator in Whitehall and at the L.C.C. And that is no small advantage when the crying need is for an alternative Party (I think Labour needs allies from other Parties) which looks to the country like an efficient alternative government. Munich has created a new sense of urgency and keenness in the rank and file: the floating vote waits for an alternative to Chamberlain. I am afraid to think of what will happen to it if it is not offered one in time.

* * *

The Tories call the Oxford by-election a vote of confidence for Chamberlain, but I doubt if they are pleased to find the Government majority halved in a safe Conservative seat. One of the handicaps on Mr. Lindsay's side was the type of assistance disclosed in the long letter which appears this week in this journal from Mr. Gordon Walker, the Labour candidate who stood down for Mr. Lindsay. An attack on "Left Intellectuals" comes oddly from a Christ Church don who was an active participant in the Unity Campaign and was defeated by a 4 to 1 majority in his own local party, which is predominantly working class. I am told that most of the local Trade Union leaders, and 12 out of 14 councillors supported the joint candidature. What becomes of his jibes about a movement "demanded and financed by the popular intelligentsia"? No doubt many workers were confused by the change of candidates; but part of the blame for this must surely rest on a Labour candidate who on one day speaks for Mr. Lindsay and on another writes to the *Daily Herald* complaining that he has been betrayed by his Party. Incidentally is he justified in assuming that only the middle classes regard foreign policy as the dominant issue?

* * *

The Woodhead report, as everyone knows, will report that "partition" is dead in Palestine and propose a further effort to bring the Jews and Arabs together. This raises in my mind the question whether only the more moderate will be persuaded to confer—in which case a solution seems possible with the risk of its being turned down on the Irish model of 1921—or whether the extremists will come to the conference, in which case no solution seems probable. An awkward dilemma—the result, of course, as in other matters, of leaving things till it is too late. In Palestine, as elsewhere, "the air is black," to quote the Chinese Ambassador, "with the wings of the chickens coming home to roost." I never knew an issue that so contrived to include within itself all problems and to cut across all the usual alliances. What is "imperialism" and what is "anti-imperialism" in Palestine, which the humanitarian and which the realistic view? Those who want us to stand up to Fascism usually support the Jews, but it is arguable that shooting Arabs creates more trouble in India and North Africa and provides the best possible propaganda for Fascists. The one thing that is certain is that the present campaign to restore law and order is becoming unpleasantly similar to the Black and Tan campaign in Ireland, and for the same reason that the troops, attacked by a tough people, sure of their nationalist cause, have no other weapon against terrorism except some measure of counter-terrorism. I have seen a number of protests from British residents against the burning of villages, shooting people while "they attempt to escape" and all the rest of it. Delay has landed us in a terrible dilemma. No nationalist movement is ever permanently suppressed with machine guns; at the same time our obligation to find a safe place for the Jews is absolute.

* * *

The delusion that M. Daladier is a "strong man" is dying quickly. One got some measure of his weakness the other day when he boasted of having argued with Hitler "as an equal." No remark could more clearly have shown his sense of inferiority. For better or worse he seems likely to stand in history as the man who induced France to accept the position of a second-rate Power. The worst part of this is the corollary—that he must do his best to make France subservient to Hitler, who already talks of his anxiety about the internal position of France. There is still a great deal of life and fight in the French working-class though some sections of it are "Trotskyist" and others defeatist. Only the Communists are quite resolute. But the French bourgeoisie is even more "defeatist" than the British, while the Flandins and their kind would welcome Hitler in Paris, if they could get the fifty-hour week. Class feeling has overridden patriotism among the rich and fear of war demoralised the *petite bourgeoisie*. As for M. Daladier, he is not so manifestly a tool of the Fascists as M. Bonnet, whose name is now a byword in France, but in effect he is a tool of Fascism just the same—a Kerensky of reaction. The nominal leader of a Front Populaire government, he has acted with one eye on Mr. Chamberlain and one on public opinion, yielding at Munich, but with tremors lest the public would not stand it. Now, finding that even the Socialists offer no strong resistance, he is prepared, if he thinks it safe, to go a step farther and attempt to suppress the Communists. That, if he tries it, will be the final test in France. M. Daladier will look round carefully before he acts. When the aeroplane that brought him from Munich reached Le Bourget, fellow passengers of the Prime Minister saw him look down and turn pale at the sight of the crowd waiting for him. He directed the pilot not to descend at once, but to circle round the aerodrome several times and be prepared if necessary to go on to another aerodrome. Here M. Daladier saw that the crowd were waving handkerchiefs; they were not there to lynch him but to acclaim him as the saviour of peace. He gave the pilot the signal to descend; they landed and the Prime Minister stepped out smiling to receive the plaudits of a grateful nation.

* * *

I recall, not so many years ago, a time when, whether we agreed with it or not, we all thought the *Observer* a great paper. I remember C. P. Scott speaking warmly of Mr. Garvin as a man who upheld the best traditions of British journalism and maintained principle in British policy. I dare not think what C. P. Scott would have said about this passage in last Sunday's issue.

> When Dr. Negrin announced the Republican decision to evacuate all the volunteers from their side—the "smaller" side in the matter of volunteers—he shrewdly and intentionally placed upon Italy the theoretic necessity of evacuating all her troops from Spain to satisfy the condition of a "proportionate" evacuation. As telescopes are often best served by the blind eye, so the British Government will put its blind eye to its own proposal, and, after inviting the advice of the Non-Intervention Committee, will proceed to grant *belligerent* rights, whatever that advice may be.

That deserves permanent record as the lowest depth to which cynical journalism or statesmanship can fall.

* * *

The modern clothes *Hamlet* at the Old Vic has excited a lot of Blimpish indignation—among those that have not seen it. I was feeling tired and irritable when I went, and the show starts at an inconveniently early hour, but I had a wonderful evening. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie is rather an erratic producer of Shakespeare: this time, for instance, he makes the Queen rattle off the description of Ophelia's death as if it were the fat-stock prices on the wireless. And so a most lovely, and carefully placed, *aria* is wantonly chucked away. But he gives an interesting new reading of the first Mad Scene; and I have never seen so effective a production of the chase after Polonius's death, the Fortinbras scene, the duel scene and the

finale. I left the theatre after three hours, refreshed and happy. For this Mr. Alec Guinness's beautiful voice and most intelligent performance were chiefly responsible—I have never seen a better Hamlet. The modern setting I enjoyed. There were none of the telephones, powder-puffs and whiskeys-and-sodas to which one dramatic critic took exception. Indeed the umbrellas in the funeral-scene were almost the only insistently modern detail, and they had a decorative value, as in the National Gallery Renoir. I do not think that all Shakespeare plays could stand this treatment—a *Macbeth* some years ago was deplorable. But in *Hamlet*, as in the recent *Troilus and Cressida*, it gives some interesting results. For one thing, it encourages the actors to understand their lines more completely, whereas in costume they often recite these with ritual solemnity, like extracts from Morning Prayer. Then the universal, extra-temporal quality of Shakespeare's imagination becomes more impressive than ever. Hamlet is a Renaissance prince in a barbarous court, but he is also the modern intellectual in a world of Dictators. Finally such productions should help to prepare audiences for modern poetic drama. Men in armour were in fact no more likely to speak in blank verse than men in dinner-jackets are: but there has come to be an association of ideas between fancy-dress and poetry. By breaking this down, such a *Hamlet* as this makes us readier for Auden and Isherwood. And it is really important, I think, that the best art of the past should help, and not impede, us in our appreciation of the best art of the present.

* * *

Last week a writer in this journal blithely compared Italian enthusiasm to Glaxo on the assumption that it too was "synthetic." An apology is due to the proprietors of Glaxo, who fairly point out that their product is made of dried milk and stuffed with vitamins and other good things. The writer might have said, they point out, "as synthetic as my girl friend's pearls or my best silk shirt," or indeed as many another proprietary article which I will refrain from mentioning for fear of making another mistake. In any case, there is no excuse for not knowing about the properties of Glaxo because we have all heard of the lady who went into a shop, bought some Glaxo and then somewhat bashfully asked the assistant whether she ought to take it or her husband. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to G. O. Winterbotham.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. F. E. Rebbeck, chairman of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Ltd., spoke on the prospects in the shipbuilding industry after the launch at Govan on Thursday of the tanker *British Trust*.

He said that the *British Trust* and her sister ship, the *British Fidelity*, which they had just put through trials, had names of special significance for this country these days.—*Belfast Telegraph*.

He asked where Britain would be if it were not for the hallowing influence of the Christian Sunday—the best argument for which being the map of the world.—*Western Daily Press*.

The problem was conceived mainly in terms of protection from gas bombs, not because high explosive bombs were not recognised as the greater danger but because protection from gas was relatively a simple matter and from high explosives much more costly and complicated.—Scrutator in *Sunday Times*.

Lady Cory is a skilled needlewoman, an ardent collector of Victorians, and an equally fervent admirer of Hitler. An embroidery picture of the Fuehrer hangs on the door of her reception room. In order to get the likeness more exact, red-brown human hair was used. —*Evening Standard*.

To say that a man is a reader of the *Observer* is equivalent to saying that he is intelligent. Unintelligent people read our rivals.—Mr. St. John Ervine in the *Observer*.

BAD FOR OTHER PEOPLE

THE Lord Mayor-elect of Nottingham has announced that no intoxicants—in other words, poisonous drinks—will be served at any mayoral banquet during his term of office. Speaking to a reporter, he said: "I am a lifelong teetotaler and I do not see why, because I have now reached the highest position to which my fellow-citizens can appoint me, I should go back on the principles of a lifetime."

As I read this, I could not help wondering what being a teetotaler had to do with the matter. To be a teetotaler is merely to abstain from drinking certain sorts of fluid, and there is no logical connection between this and interference with other people's choice of fluids. Teetotalism binds only the teetotaler himself. Mr. Bernard Shaw, a lifelong teetotaler, recognises this, and permits his guests to poison themselves with wine, if they wish, at his table. It is obvious that, if we all tried to force our own habits on others during meals, social life would become impossible.

Suppose, for example, that a non-teetotaler, on being elected mayor, gave a banquet at which no teetotalism was permitted and no teetotaler present was allowed to be served with any drink except wine, whisky or brandy. Most of us would agree that, however well-meaning, the conduct of the new Mayor verged on intolerance. And intolerance of this kind, it should be remembered, used to be fairly common. Not at mayoral banquets, of course, but in private life. In the Victorian era there were a considerable number of young men who regarded it as an insult if you did not drink what is called alcohol with them. If you were a teetotaler, you had to pretend to be suffering from some mysterious disease in order to be allowed to drink your ginger ale in peace. I have heard a non-teetotaler boldly announce in a public house: "It's against my principles to pay for soft drinks." The world has always been rich in men of principle.

Imagine, again, the case of a vegetarian mayor who refused to have meat served to his guests at an official banquet—a prohibition from which there is much to be said. Vegetarianism manifestly is not simply a personal habit. It is a practice based on the conviction that it is wrong to kill animals —often in cruel circumstances—for the pleasure of eating them. To have animals killed for one's guests can hardly be less wrong than to have them killed for oneself. What then is a vegetarian host to do? If he has sense he either invites none but vegetarians to his table, or decides that, while he must eat according to his own principles, other people must be left to eat according to theirs. The best principle in such matters is the principle of compromise.

The non-smoker, again—whom I regard with envious admiration—has reluctantly to make concessions to guests who indulge in a practice which he regards as disgusting and offensive. Even so uncompromising a non-smoker as Mr. St. John Ervine would not, I am sure, if he were elected Lord Mayor of his native city, announce at an official banquet after the King's health had been drunk: "Gentlemen, you may not smoke." Yet, if Mr. Ervine had had the creating of the world, it is all but certain that he would have made the forbidden tree the tobacco plant. Tobacco-smoking is to him a vice in comparison with which thuggery assumes an appearance as lamb-like innocence. So odious are the fumes of tobacco to him that I sometimes expect to hear that he has been seen at a public dinner in a gas-mask. Even so, while denouncing smokers in print, Mr. Ervine as host provides them with all the materials for their vice.

It may be retorted that non-smoking can never be a matter of principle on the same level as teetotalism, since excessive smoking does not cause tens of thousands of tragedies as excessive drinking does. I agree, but there are others who do not. I once knew a man, a vehement advocate of teetotalism, who maintained that, bad as drinking was, smoking was still worse. He declared that it was more subtle and soul-destroying, and, in spite of his acquaintance with hundreds of smokers whose souls showed no signs of destruction, he

held to his faith. The great question, then, for such a man when giving a dinner-party would be: "Shall I, or shall I not, help to destroy the soul of a fellow-man by offering him a cigarette?" This particular man would probably have answered with a decisive "No." But, by any moral standard, would he have been right? The proper question for him to have put to himself would have been: "Can I help to save the soul of this fellow-mortal by refraining from offering a cigarette?" It would then have flashed on him that refusal to obey the ordinary rules of hospitality in his treatment of a guest who was a smoker, would not have the slightest influence in persuading the man to give up smoking, but would merely irritate him—which scarcely makes for salvation.

Has the Lord Mayor-elect of Nottingham a vague hope that, by preventing his guests from drinking wine for one evening, he will save their souls from destruction and rope them miraculously into the Sons of Temperance, of which he himself has been a member for fifty years? I do not think so, for he told the reporter quite cynically: "If anyone wants a drink there are plenty of pubs within a stone's throw." This is as much as to say that those who want to drink will drink in any case, but that they must not do so at the expense of a teetotaler. There might, it seems to me, be some principle involved in the matter of providing, or not providing, wine at a banquet given in some lonely place where the nearest public house was ten miles away. In such circumstances, the host might be imagined soothing his conscience with the reflection that, for one night at least, he was keeping a number of his weaker brethren out of reach of the obscene thing. But, with the best will in the world, I cannot see much virtue in refusing drink to men who can go out and buy it for themselves at the first street corner. Common sense tells us that this will merely lead to a multiple rush to the door during speeches, to a vast amount of perpendicular drinking, with quick-motion elbow-lifting and increasingly hilarious chorusing of "Cheerios" and "All the bests."

Or, perhaps, this will not be needed, if Nottingham is anything like another city I know which once had a teetotaler as mayor. Like the Lord Mayor-elect of Nottingham, the mayor thought that was wrong, not only to drink a glass of wine, but to buy a glass of wine for somebody else who wanted it. He believed that to buy a bottle of wine was to traffic in Satanic wares. The time came when a Very Great Man was to visit the city and had to be entertained at a mayoral banquet. The mayor wrote to the Very Great Man explaining that his principles forbade him to have wine on his table and expressing the hope that his guest would understand and would not regard this as a breach of hospitality. The Very Great Man replied that he quite understood and that there was nothing in the world he admired more than a man who stuck to his principles in all circumstances. At the same time, he told his secretary to get in touch with the caterers who were arranging the banquet and to give them an order for a number of bottles of champagne which they were to serve as unobtrusively as possible to him and his party during dinner. The caterers wisely took to the banqueting hall enough wine to supply the needs, not only of the Very Great Man and his party but of any of the other guests who wanted it and were willing to pay for it.

I cannot see how the Mayor—an admirable and kindly man, who was obviously doing what his conscience told him—did the slightest good, even from his own point of view, by his conduct. He did not prevent people from drinking. He merely made his guests drink at their own expense—which can hardly be regarded as a victory for morality.

The chief objection, however, to mayors' trying to enforce teetotalism on their guests, is not that they do no good, but that they are guilty of intolerance. They have so much respect for their own principles that they forget that an equal respect is due to the principles of other people. Certain that they are right, they are dictators, trying to make the world better by forbidding you and me to do what they think is bad for us. The action of the Lord Mayor-elect of Nottingham may seem a trivial matter, but suppose his example spreads! Already the non-smokers are showing signs of intolerance and are trying to oust us from some of our sanctuaries. Intolerance is an epidemic of the age, and we may yet have Lord Mayors refusing to allow us to eat white bread, or salt, or something else that they decide is bad for us. I myself, I confess, should like to be able to dictate to my friends what they should eat and drink, and I have no doubt they would be healthier if they obeyed me. But I know that they would not obey me even as regards abstinence from milk in coffee and tea. Neither will the citizens of Nottingham be guided by their next Lord Mayor in their choice of drinks. This being so, he might as well break the habit of a lifetime and let them drink what pleases them. It is an excellent thing for a Lord Mayor to give his fellow-citizens a good example, but it is even more important on certain occasions to give them a good dinner.

Y. Y.

SOCIOLOGY OF A.R.P.

WE are going through a peculiar period just now, of attempting suddenly to adapt ourselves to dangers which it has been our policy to disguise or forget. Everyone admits that the recent crisis found us unprepared and that this lack of preparation was not only that we hadn't the guns and the gas masks, but that our society was not in a position to take the strain of a modern war. This came out very clearly during the continuous survey work of Mass Observation in past months. Back in July a woman Air Raid Warden was talking at the Tennis Club, sitting out after tea waiting to start playing again. Most of the married men present were either training or had already trained as wardens:

> No one seemed to have much respect for A.R.P. and some were openly contemptuous, but they all had a feeling that there *might* be some good in it and if there was you should learn it now in order not to be absolutely helpless. Someone remarked sarcastically that he was sure that all the wardens who were supposed to be on duty at specified places would all be taking cover at home if there really were a raid. Far from being annoyed by this all the wardens agreed that that is just where they would be and that they all considered that their first duty was to their homes and families and that you could not do much good wandering round the streets anyway.

This attitude was, and largely still is, typical. Training arrangements have been taken light-heartedly, examinations have been perfunctory. Prospective wardens are asked such questions as: "What are the effects of tear gas?" and when they get the answer right the examiner says: "Very good, very good" and they get their pass. Mass-Observation enquiries suggest that A.R.P. organisation and propaganda have not really begun to break down the ordinary man's feeling that his home comes first and that there is something unreal in the red-taped, standardised control regulations which proceed from Whitehall. A Nottingham factory worker writes:

> At the time that war was threatening, our employer chose four men from the factory and asked specially if they would join the local Fire Auxiliary Brigade, chiefly for the purpose of their being in a position to save the factory from fire. For that reason he chose those who lived very close to the factory and who were married, so that they were on the spot and there was little likelihood of their being called up.

National protective measures are not convincingly enough linked up with local needs and dangers. For this reason the scheme by which each factory is to provide a corps of men to defend it from low flying air attacks is probably the most sociologically sensible the Government has devised.

Basic in the general attitude is the wish to minimise the danger—to talk and think about other things and thus make it possible to "carry on as usual." The philosophy of the mass of people is summed up in the often repeated phrase "If it comes, it comes." Asked at the beginning of September if their interest in crises was increasing or diminishing, a large representative sample showed that forty per cent. had a decreasing interest, sixteen per cent. were stationary and eighteen per cent. could not give a definite answer. This leaves twenty-

six per cent. whose interest was actually increasing at a time when the Czech crisis was already filling the newspapers. A Mass-Observer who keeps a small tobacconist and newsagent's shop in a working-class district in Birmingham, recorded many conversations like this one :

CUSTOMER (young man, single, about 23, worker) : " Well, Betty, how's the Air Raid Wardens going on ? "

ME : " All right, and it looks as if they will be needed yet. Have you heard to-night's news ? "

CUSTOMER : " No. I heard there was a special out, but I shall hear it on the wireless. I am not bothering though, if I've got to go I shall know soon enough."

ME : " Well, you ought to bother. Call yourself patriotic. If you was in Germany and took no interest you would be put in prison."

CUSTOMER : " I don't think it's any good bothering, it's people who keep worrying who are causing all the trouble."

MOTHER : " Yes, that's what I think, if it's got to come it will."

ME : " Well, I don't think it's the right attitude not to take an interest. You should know what's going on."

MOTHER : " Now what's the good of worrying. You can't do anything."

CUSTOMER : " That's right, if it comes, it comes, and we shall have to go that's all."

This state of mind was the prevailing one long after the crisis had come to fill the whole horizon for politicians, journalists and intelligentsia. But it quite quickly broke down, giving way to another state of mind as confused and disorganised as the first, partly owing to the Godesberg performance, but much more to the issuing of gas masks. No one could avoid the implications of these grotesque, rubbery symbols. At this stage, 60 per cent. thought war was coming in a few days, whereas at the beginning of the month only 35 per cent. admitted the likelihood of war. There was a very marked increase, too, in willingness to co-operate in some way with national measures of defence. Many of those whose earlier plans had been in terms of individual safety now became enthusiastic volunteers for joint activities. At the beginning of the month 45 per cent. had taken the individualist line. This dwindled to 15 per cent. at the height of the crisis. But though no doubt the authorities felt pleased that people rallied round so quickly, they can hardly have failed to realise that the phenomenon was temporary and would not last when the vision of Hitler's bombers had been exorcised by the " Miracle of Munich." In other words, our democracy showed that it was only willing to stir itself with a pistol to its head. The mass had been so long kept in the dark, told to wait for the information which would finally explain everything that its capacity for intelligent initiative had been gradually atrophied. So when the threat of war became unmistakable it was treated as a kind of supernatural visitation, not as the logical outcome of a consistent policy. All the feeling was against Hitler who was regarded as a mythical monster. " All this because of one man " was one of the clichés of the crisis. Outside an A.R.P. centre a middle-aged housewife said : " I would like to see all the mothers of Europe set onto Hitler. My ! We would make a mess of him. He wouldn't start any more wars. Not him ! "

Apart from this legendary hate most were concerned with immediate small worries and inconveniences of the situation. One cabby was heard to say to another :

" I suppose we'll have to go through with it. It's wearing boots that I'll hate." A bus driver's wife reported : " By the first post on September 29th I received a letter from a sister in Croydon, saying that one of the children is to be evacuated to Wiltshire, and the headmaster had advised all adults who could to get out of Croydon. She asked if she and the remainder of the family (4 altogether) could come here and could I let her know by return—I had expected this letter—I do not want them here. They are a family we do not get on very well with for more than a few hours. I showed the letter to hubby and he said ' If the house is going to be full of quarrelling relations I'm getting a tent and clearing out.' I say ' I'd come with you.' "

This comes from Sussex :

Knock. Friend turns up—retired London schoolmaster. Says he is the billeting officer, may he ask a few questions. He asks number of rooms ; would we prefer children or adults ; can they cook here or not ; he is very sympathetic *re* fact mother not strong and I must be out. I say we want to help and quite realise that, as he puts it, " It's the scum " that will be evacuated, they may have fleas, but it comes to this.

This report, from a London working-class district, shows the dislocation at the other end :

In this working-class street the women have been concerned with making preparations for sending their children to the country in the event of war. The simple requirements which the authorities have asked parents to provide seem to have them all of a dither. At a meeting for parents at the school where they were given information of the proposals, the following questions were asked :

" Can the mothers go with the children ? "

" Can we have free passes to visit the children ? "

" Will the authorities allow children to send letters without a stamp ? "

" Can you guarantee the place they are going to will be both bomb and gas proof ? "

" How long are they going to be away ? "

" Who is going to do their washing ? "

" Who will buy new clothes when necessary ? "

" If the parents are killed, what will happen to the children ? "

Here is the report from a gas-mask fitting station :

Duty began in gas-mask fitting station at 2 p.m. (Sept. 28th) and was somewhat lackadaisical for a while. At 3 p.m. business became more brisk as the public houses closed. Cheerfulness was an effort and work was dull and monotonous—name, address, invalids, children under 5. Tea reliefs were brought and some men from the railway came in to be fitted. They were full of sarcasm. Various rumours were current but none were believed. At tea men from City Treasurer's Department left us to report for all-night duty at mask fitting and assembling station. Returning to duty to console elderly and very frightened old ladies did not appeal in the slightest. Everyone complained of headaches and was short-tempered. The Izal fumes filled the room which was cold yet stuffy. There was no repartee among a usually jovial clerical staff, all good friends even away from work.

5.30 approx. Sergeant returned from his local police station wreathed in smiles. The glad news of the Four Power Conference had come on the station wireless. The place almost went mad. It was a slack period in fitting and to celebrate the occasion we clerks released our overwrought nerves by having a paper ball fight with the spoilt forms. We sang, we whistled, we made jokes. The caretaker of the school went and bought a late paper and we read the stop-press news. The atmosphere changed miraculously from deep despair to exuberant hope. The last few people to come in gazed at our mad antics as though in pity. Then we told them the news and the weight of sadness lifted before hope on their faces.

This psychological " miracle " took place all over the country. From the point of view of Mr. Chamberlain maintaining his prestige with the electorate such miracles are no doubt an advantage. But whether they help towards making the population organise in an intelligent way, is exceedingly doubtful. When wars are supposed to loom and recede in such an inexplicable fashion, it is unlikely that the average man will be prepared to keep up the consistent, day-to-day interest in defence measures. No one will dispute that there has been a lack of recruits for A.R.P. and other defence organisations. Nor that those organisations have been working haphazardly and inadequately. Some might be inclined to blame the average man because he is lazy, stupid, or both, or because it is impossible to organise him for collective purposes. But such criticism is short-sighted and is not born out by facts. One has only to consider the speed of growth of organisations like the Football Pools, the Mail Order Clubs, Leagues of Prayer, the Flute Club, Cad's College and Narkover. All these, whatever their objective or lack of one, have succeeded, because they make use of empirical principles of mass-appeal.

Frightened by the failure of their pompously conceived plans politicians now talk openly of the need for compulsion. But they still have the sense to realise that they will get the best out of the British population on a volunteer basis if only they can get things moving. Before that can succeed leaders must be much more " human " in their approach, with more sense of personal needs. Our leaders have got to choose between keeping the masses in a state of ignorance in which their reactions will be violent, superstitious and unco-ordinated, or definitely telling them what it is all about. If we came completely under Fascism the superstitious attitude would help our rulers most ; as it is, in our somewhat uncertain democracy, they would really get on much better by treating the masses as potentially sensible. A lot depends on what the

average man thinks the other average man is thinking. Opinions about Chamberlain's policy, willingness to co-operate in Government schemes and so on are very largely influenced by what appear to be the dominant social sanctions. These are formed more than anything else by the newspapers (Mass Observation statistics show that these are easily the biggest formative influence on public opinion). All through the crisis the press was full of statements that, e.g., "The whole nation is solidly behind Mr. Chamberlain," "The man in the street is determined that there shall be no betrayal of Czechoslovakia," etc. People were influenced by such statements into uniform thinking. One worker told an Observer: "All the working class thinks we ought to make a stand. Read the paper to-night and you'll see." Yet the press, like politics, suffers from an isolation. Those who manipulate public opinion think of the man-in-the-street as an abstract uniformity, of whom little is known, much expected. MASS OBSERVATION

SEVEN AGAINST PLEBS

This week's reconstructed Cabinet consists of one Marquess, three Earls, two Viscounts, one Baron, five Knights and only eight Esquires.

How shall our Government be saved from Attlee's hunnish hordes?
By wholesale elevation to the safety of the Lords',
Secure from such as foul their nests for all the world to see
And launder in a public way their dirty lingerie.
But the reconstructed Cabinet, however much it cheers,
Has too many commoners,
Too many commoners,
Too many commoners and not sufficient peers.

As, sheltered long from Mr. Churchill's communist attacks,
Rough winds of heaven are not beteemed to visit Halifax,
No Opposition questioning the new First Lord will vex,
Or Runciman, promoted for his service to the Czechs,
While for his shadow-cabinet our Premier fills the breach
With governmental silences,
With monumental silences,
Propitiating silences more eloquent than speech.

Why keep untitled Ministers for Labour Party slights,
Or even the Government's quintet of quintessential Knights,
When every time retiring Lords create an aching blank
There are persons for the Office of the very highest rank?
Though the Cabinet reshuffle will allay Dictators' fears,
Here are too many commoners,
Too many commoners,
Too many commoners and not sufficient peers.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE OXFORD ELECTION

SIR,—If the present state of mind of nearly all the "Left Intellectuals" of Oxford is at all indicative of their attitude in general in the country, I do not expect much of a welcome for the views I am about to express. I notice that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been as enthusiastic about Mr. Lindsay's candidature as anyone in Oxford. It is at least decent that Left Intellectuals and the N.S. & N. should know exactly what it is that they have been so enthusiastic about.

The Lindsay campaign was very largely initiated in middle-class, University and near-University circles, fairly early drawing in Communist support. Its acceptance was carried through the local Labour Party under the guidance and largely with the help of these elements. The campaign was financed in a most lavish way by these people. No anti-Government campaign in recent times in Oxford has had anything like the money that was freely available in this campaign. Never have so many anti-Conservative cars been seen.

The outward signs of election excitement (window bills, posters, etc.) were far more evident in the residential and University areas than in the predominantly working-class wards. No attempt was made (as far as I could find out) to draw in the working-class by raising a campaign fund from them.

This middle-class and academic predominance showed itself clearly in two ways during the development of the campaign:

1. There was a pathetic misconception of the importance of *organisation*. The whole move was based on the idea that electoral success by itself is enough, even if it is temporary (Mr. Lindsay opened his campaign by promising that he would not stand in the General Election), and even if it is quite unbacked by permanent organisation.

This idea is illustrated by the quotation (in last week's London Diary) of the Oxford busman's (rather suspiciously intellectual) remark that an Independent Progressive somehow seemed "more *our* candidate" than a man "with the Labour ticket" would have seemed. If I know anything of Trade Unionists (and all Oxford busmen are organised) they normally speak of someone as their "own" only when they have some organisational control over him.

I don't think reports of such chance encounters are of much value. But, for what it's worth, I may quote the remarks of several Labour Party *workers* to the effect that they were "of course working for Lindsay. But it doesn't somehow feel like our campaign any more." Or the letters I received like one which said "We have 12 Labour votes in our house. They have never voted anything but Labour before. But on your instructions their votes shall be recorded for Mr. Lindsay." What is much more significant is the view of organised workers. I have just been talking to a very well-attended branch meeting (over 70) of printing workers. I found that my position was unanimously accepted; indeed that they had already made up their own minds this way before I advanced my arguments.

2. The second way in which middle-class initiative showed itself was in the policy put forward by Mr. Lindsay. It was the policy of people who are (unlike workers) rich enough to afford the luxury of worrying about nothing except foreign policy.

Examine Mr. Lindsay's actual policy. It was almost entirely an attack upon some parts of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy. But by no means upon the whole of his foreign policy. *There was no stand taken for the rights of the Spanish Government.* (This issue was in consequence never mentioned at all in the whole election.) Russia and Germany were apparently regarded as equal. Nor was the attack on Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy thorough going or fundamental. It was rather a plea to secure enough public enthusiasm to work a change of heart in Mr. Chamberlain. The impression was that all that was wanted was a return to Mr. Eden's policy.

There was little or nothing that Mr. Churchill or Lord Lloyd could not have approved. Those Oxford Conservatives represented by these gentlemen were in fact offered an alliance without even the prior condition that they should come out into open opposition against the Government. Some of the most reactionary Tories of my acquaintance voted for Mr. Lindsay with a good conscience. There were in the Independent Progressive platform no social or domestic planks at all (except those connected immediately with rearmament).

Working-class support was of course drawn in. For one thing much of the working-class badly wants to express its opposition to the Government. For another, the campaign was intense and elaborate. But the working-class was *following* a lead and a policy which could not possibly represent anything like their real views. I am quite sure that many working people voted for Mr. Lindsay, not so much for his actual programme as for what they had hoped to find in the programme of an anti-Government candidate—and in order to express, in the only way possible, their hatred of the Government.

The thoughtlessness with which the initiation of the campaign was launched upon was shown by its immediate and foreseeable result. This has been to present Mr. Chamberlain with a gratuitous vote of confidence on that single issue of foreign policy to which the campaign was artificially narrowed down.

Had Labour fought, the election would have turned on a full domestic and foreign indictment of the Government. In such a place as Oxford an increase in the anti-Government vote (even if divided between Labour and Liberal) would have been more significant than an actual Tory victory. Nor could the Tory victory be presented—as this one will be—as a vote of confidence in a plebiscite on foreign policy.

The most infuriating thing of all is that a glorious chance has been missed to lead a real popular front with organised Labour in the lead (instead of this inverted "democratic front" led by the intellectuals). The local Labour Party would have been strengthened by a vigorous campaign. A lively lead could have been given to Labour Parties in the other pending by-elections. Whereas in fact the Labour platform has been quite excluded from what would have been a generous place in the national press.

I agree that Labour should make great efforts now to draw in the elements of a popular front behind it. It may be right to adopt a *new* programme (called if you like "Labour's Popular Front Programme") conceived in terms of crisis conditions. But nothing must be done to win the middle-class at the expense of the wholehearted support of good rank and file Trade Union support.

Perhaps people outside Oxford think that this is what was attempted in Oxford. Perhaps that is why they have been so enthusiastic. Actually the Oxford Democratic Front was nothing of the sort.

Even if you do not think the British Labour Movement has sufficient energy and drive to lead a popular movement—you must at least admit that its organisations are far and away the best *defences* against internal Fascism; and that nothing should be done to weaken and confuse their defences.

The explanation of the apparently solid attitude of intellectuals is, I think, to be found in two arguments (one hysterical, one class-selfish) which I often came across in the last two weeks.

The first is the argument that "*Absolutely anything* should be done against Chamberlain." The second is the argument that "We of the intellectuals, not the working-class, will suffer under Fascism." Such people are of course entitled to do anything they can to save themselves; but they are hardly people to be trusted with the sincere and responsible leadership of a broad working-class and democratic movement.

I do not wish it to be thought that I am only blaming intellectuals. I think that Transport House is also to blame. It missed a great chance for the Labour Party and played into the hands of those who wished to sabotage the already started Labour campaign in Oxford by giving every *appearance* of being undecided and even divided in its views.

Did the N.S. & N. misconceive the actual situation in Oxford? Or must we take it that the N.S. & N. really wants the spread of a movement dominated and financed by the patriotic intelligentsia, and supported (cynically and cheaply) by the most reactionary elements in the Tory Party? Does it really want the spread of a movement, the result of which must be to weaken organised Labour Parties and to prevent Labour putting its programme before the people?

Does the N.S. & N. really believe that an Independent victory in Oxford would have been "something vastly more important than a Labour Party success could ever have been"—either from the point of view of its local significance or as an example to the country? Is the N.S. & N. really behind a policy which is no less than an invitation for Liberal candidates to stand wherever they see the chance of raising the cry of a split progressive vote and of rallying almost all the Left intellectuals behind the policy of withdrawing Labour?

Let us at least know quite clearly where our leading Socialist weekly stands in the matter. Has it been misinformed? Or has it taken up its line with its eyes open?

Pettywell PATRICK GORDON WALKER
Garsington, Oxford.

"A UNITED IRELAND"

SIR,—It is rather discouraging to find Democratic and Left-wing opinion so wholeheartedly behind Mr. de Valera in his recent claim for the annexation of Northern Ireland, particularly when this claim was voiced in a manner singularly reminiscent of Herr Hitler. Or perhaps the analogy would be stronger if we said Colonel Beck.

I hold no brief for the Craigavon Government, but I do think the Protestants of the North have some claim to consideration when any reorganisation of Ireland is under discussion. After all, they will eventually be a much more likely recruiting ground for the Democratic parties than the priest-ridden peasants of Connaught and Galway.

Just for a minute try to look at the situation from the point of view of the average member of the Orange Order. He is not a capitalist, in nine cases out of ten he is what our Socialist and Communist friends refer to as the proletariat. His interests are the interests of the working classes, and he lives on fair and neighbourly terms with his fellow Catholic workers. He is not altogether satisfied with the exceedingly conservative policy of the "old guard" at Stormont—very far from it if I might judge from the speeches at the recent 12th of July demonstration in Belfast. But he still continues to vote for Craigavon, and he will continue to vote for him so long as the alternative offered is that of being ruled from Dublin. Why? Because the Protestant religion does mean a great deal in his life and that of his fellows, and he would rather have hard times with religious freedom than curtailment of that freedom along with the flesh-pots of Egypt.

The average man in this country tends to smile when he hears such an argument, and regards it as merely the raising of a "Rome Rule" bogy which has no foundation in fact. I am afraid the average man in this case is not altogether right.

I have no doubt whatever that Mr. de Valera, who is in the main an honest Democrat, would willingly guarantee religious and civil liberty and freedom to all sections of the community in any united Ireland.

But whatever Mr. de Valera might say he has to confess that he does not control the Irish people. One of his arguments for a united Ireland was that with the present border, and in the event of war, the more perfervid Republicans would take the opportunity of attempting to "set free" the Nationalists in the border counties. I agree with Mr. Mallalieu that this should not merely be interpreted as a threat. But it is an admission of the limited scope of Mr. de Valera's powers. Just how far could Mr. de Valera go in defiance of the Catholic Church? He certainly braved its opposition recently when he attended a special ceremony at Trinity College, Dublin. But, if a purely formal recognition of a Protestant institution could arouse such wholehearted antagonism from the clergy of Dublin, is it likely that recognition, say, of the right of the Orange Order to hold its 12th of July demonstrations would find the much less enlightened clergy of the South and West of Ireland at all in support of Mr. de Valera?

It has been repeatedly emphasised by the leaders of Eire that theirs is a "Catholic country." Just so long as they maintain that view just so long will the Unionists hold power in the North.

If on the other hand Mr. de Valera really wants a united Ireland there is one sure way of bringing that about. That is to abandon all claim to the North until such time as the people of the North express their right of self-determination and desire to become part of a united Ireland. And that time will come, for the Orangemen are as proud of being Irish as any southern patriot. And they will not put up with an inefficient government any longer than is absolutely necessary. But that necessity and that unity of Protestantism will be maintained just so long as the threats from the South are continued. J. BORTHWICK

14 Forfar Road, Dundee.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

SIR,—In your issue of October 15th you mention that in a certain city where the Public Assistance Institution was improved the old-age pensioners maintained therein suffered the loss of their pensions, due to the fact that entitlement to a pension depends on an income test. It was suggested that this is a relic of the bad old ideas of the Poor Law.

This is a matter which has concerned many local authorities for some years, and it has been represented to the Ministry of Health by the Local Authorities' Associations that it is utterly unfair that the cost of a pensioner's maintenance in an institution should be treated as income. These representations have had no effect. It should, however, be pointed out that this disqualification only applies to non-contributory pensions, being based on the law as established when old-age pensions were first introduced in 1908, and does not affect the contributory pensions under the Health Insurance Acts.

The absurd position has arisen in Kent whereby, for local reasons, a pensioner has been transferred from one institution to another and the transfer has caused him to forfeit his pension because the actual cost of maintenance in one institution when treated as income is higher than allowed by the Act, whereas the rate in the institution from which he was transferred was lower.

This is one of the reasons which prompted the passing of the Act last year, whereby a Public Assistance Authority can allow 2*s*. pocket-money to any person over the age of 65. Many authorities cannot see, however, why they should pay this pocket-money out of the rates and the Government retain the full 10*s*.

The real criticism is therefore of the administration of the Old Age Pensions Act and not of Public Assistance.

The same principle applies where a non-contributory old-age pensioner is in a voluntary hospital or Public Health hospital, as it is almost invariably found that the cost of maintenance exceeds the income limit allowed by the Act. JOHN MOSS,
Maidstone. Public Assistance Officer.

BACK TO THE LAND

SIR,—I would be the last to deprecate the debt that Britain and many other countries owe to the improvers of our pedigree stock, and this is quite as important a task for the landowner who feels the responsibilities of leadership as other forms of agricultural pioneering. But there is, unfortunately, a newer type of landowner who is concerned not so much to serve agriculture in livestock breeding as to win purely personal triumphs in the show ring. It is a matter of a difference in outlook.

When other qualities, such as constitution, are sacrificed to breed super-milking cows; when poultry are bred that can do almost anything except live; when pigs are shown so fat that they sometimes die in their pens if the show day is unusually warm and when beef cattle are sent to shows so over-conditioned that the breeders themselves criticise them as unfit to make first-class beef, then I maintain that these are "preposterous" animals of little real value to agriculture. Only this summer a well-known landowner who is also a farmer and breeder remarked to me that it was a moot point whether the livestock classes at agricultural shows had not, on balance, done more harm than good.

I am grateful to Mr. Kenyon for reminding me of the excellent work of the British Growers' Publicity Council, but compared with the National Milk Publicity Council it suffers two important disadvantages, namely (1) lack of adequate funds because it is impossible to raise a contribution from all producers, and (2) the disadvantage of not being a statutory body like the N.M.P.C., that can call itself a Government body and so gain support from local authorities, schools, etc., that cannot, in the nature of things, be given to a purely trade body.

I have just returned from the Imperial Fruit Show at Bristol, where Great Britain's trade stand of fruit seemed to most people the least imaginative display in the show. I was told that the reason for this was that it was left to voluntary effort by the producers, who could only raise £150 for it. But other countries in the Empire showing at Bristol were backed by the Dominion Governments and were spending sums up to more like £500 to advertise Empire fruit. The fruit shops in Bristol were full of maple leaves, "Buy Canadian Apples" or "Buy South African Oranges" cards, but British fruit had no such publicity. This, of course, is no reflection on the British Growers' Publicity Council, but on the Government of the richest country in the Empire that apparently is not interested in its fruit industry although its output is worth £8,000,000 a year on the farm.

Treyford, Nr. Midhurst, W. Sussex. L. F. EASTERBROOK

JAPANESE LABELS

SIR,—The following extract from the *Children's Newspaper* was brought to my notice last week. The very next day a friend proudly displayed to me a convenient new type of vest pocket matchbox she had acquired at the local tobacconist's. It was marked "Made in Sweden" but bore the name of no firm or town to confirm this statement. Here is the extract. It appeared on September 24th, 1938:

> Japanese goods have not had a very good reception in America for some time, and now we hear that a town in Japan has been given a new name. It is called USA, so that goods made there can have "Made in USA" stamped on them!
>
> But this is no new idea. Japan already has an island called Sweden, where matches are made, and a village which was renamed Macclesfield the other day, and where silk is manufactured, so that the matches can have Made in Sweden on them, and the silk Macclesfield Silk.

If this is true it becomes increasingly difficult to boycott Japanese goods, and I should very much like some well-informed help in my own efforts. Is there by any chance another island in Japan called "Britain"? MARGARET HOWARD

25 Blake Hall Road, Wanstead, E.11.

[We have ourselves referred on an earlier occasion to this Japanese dodge of rechristening places in Japan with the names of other countries in order to avoid the suspect label "foreign." It was in order to counter this trick that Mr. Richard Acland introduced a Bill in the House of Commons last session which would have made it compulsory to state on each article sold the country of its origin. Mr. Acland's Bill automatically lapses with the end of the session.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A SPANISH FOODSHIP

SIR,—In the very kindly notice that he gave last week to the unofficial conference called by the Labour Spain Committee, Critic mentioned our foodship. The Labour Parties present pledged themselves on the spot to raise the necessary amount, and within a week for a first shipment we had £1,000 assured. Since then a further £700 has reached us in sums ranging from 2*s.* 6*d.* to £100 from all over the country. Of this, approximately £500 has come from your readers in response to Critic's appeal. May I thank them warmly and at the same time remind others that while the sea-roads to the Republic's ports are still open, gifts destined to buy food are the best and most practical insurance against the threatened blockade? Central Spain, including Madrid, must be provisioned now against this menace of a siege. Cheques should be sent to Mr. A. Albu, our treasurer, at the address below. H. N. BRAILSFORD,
20 East Heath Road, N.W.3 Chairman, Labour Spain Committee.

SCHOOLS AND THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—At this time, when it is more than ever important that friendship between this country and the U.S.S.R. should be encouraged, it occurs to us that some of your readers may know of British schoolboys and schoolgirls who would care to visit the U.S.S.R. during their Christmas holidays. A small party from Bryanston School paid a successful visit this summer, and it has been suggested that the winter-time, when the Soviet schools are open, would offer even better opportunities for becoming acquainted with Soviet life, to say nothing of the attractions of ski-ing and skating. As a winter tour is a comparatively new venture, we should be glad if parents or teachers who are interested would communicate with us in order that we may arrive at the most convenient dates. The whole tour would occupy just over three weeks (giving 14 days in the U.S.S.R.) and the approximate inclusive cost, at the specially reduced winter rate, would be about £25 per person, 3rd class. JUDITH TODD,
98 Gower Street, W.C.1. Secretary S.C.R.

Miscellany

THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS

THE Mourne Mountains like a team of bears
tumbling into the sea,
the embroidered fields like a monk's patched cloak
spreading their skirts to every door,
the peasants leisurely allowing
the chickens and dogs to wander at will,
the bare trees standing silent
entangle the stranger's dream.

SHELLEY WONG
Translated by JOHN HEWITT

PRESENT AND FUTURE

TO anyone returning from Paris, where the dealers seem still to have one foot in the crisis, the Lefèvre November exhibition is reassuring. There is nothing stop-gap or provisional about this show: it is unmistakeably important. Here are all the living or recently dead French masters—four rooms full of them. Here are works by Bonnard and Vuillard, Matisse and Picasso, Braque and Modigliani, Dufresne, Segonzac and Utrillo. Here are some surprises, too, and some problems. Visitors will find themselves arguing as to whether the grey-green portrait by Picasso—painted about 1910, I suppose—is not the *clou* of the exhibition, and whether the remarkable and very early Matisse, called *Pont St. Michel*, does not give a sense of search and final discovery rarely suggested by his latest work. A picture by Bérard is always a surprise, a pleasant surprise, and always raises a question: Why does he give us so little? Again, after a visit to this exhibition, amateurs who had made up their minds that Léger and La Fresnaye were sound, second-rate painters and nothing more, will have to reconsider their opinions. A portrait of Picasso by Gris is, to say the least, unexpected. And then there is Bonnard.

Here is a characteristic early Bonnard and a late: we feel sure that the master is now aiming at something more significant and profound than the enchanting exquisiteness of his early work, but at what precisely is it that he aims? There is food for endless speculation and, what is much more important, boundless delight in these four rooms at the Lefèvre Gallery.

Having received so much, I feel ungracious in making any complaint whatever. Yet I cannot but regret that instead of pictures by the smaller fry of this brave shoal, by painters whose work we know already and know enough, we are not shown something by some of the younger men who in Paris are reckoned promising but of whom London sees nothing. For instance, Brianchon, Balthus, Tal Coat and Caillard all enjoy reputation, have all been described by competent judges as "hopeful," and as such have been treated by collectors; yet none of them, I think, has been represented over here except maybe by an odd canvas or in that little show organised a few years ago by the Princess Bassiano at the Wertheim Gallery. Surely to show us tentative works by little-known men who may become masters would be more helpful than to bring out works, of no great intrinsic value, by painters who have acquired an all too familiar manner and taken once for all their humble places in the contemporary movement.

These are avowable reasons for wishing to have the best considered of the young French painters shown in London. There is another reason which may be thought less creditable. I want to see the best of the young French confronted by the best of the young English because I believe that, for the first time in history, the English would more than hold their own. Something of these, of our most promising painters, is at this moment to be seen at the Storran Gallery (5 Albany Court Yard) in an exhibition which may come to be considered a landmark almost. Indeed, this collection of fifteen pictures, mostly by artists of what I tried to christen the 1938 school but will, I suppose, be known as the Euston Road group, seems to me a hopeful portent in a world that badly needs something to look forward to. Here, in a small exhibition, of which the level is high and the prevailing atmosphere sympathetic, you will find four pictures fit for the best company. Here are five distinct artistic personalities to be reckoned with: Coldstream, Pasmore, Graham Bell—whom I include on the strength of past performance, for on this occasion he does not do himself justice—Rogers and Gowing. All are young—Gowing is still a student—all are in a state of development, visibly bursting with ardour and ambition, all have talent, and one or two may have something more.

To curb any excess of patriotic pride that might be engendered by this exciting revelation of native talent it will be well to remember that the inspiration comes from France. These young artists are the grandchildren of the Impressionists. Without, apparently, being so much as aware of that desiccated bird which has been dangling about the neck of British painting ever since Ruskin put it there, they have absorbed what the French masters had to give and settled down without protest or programme to be themselves, to be, that is, painters of their age who happen to be English. Nationalism, in so far as it emerges at all, is to be found in their subjects rather than their treatment. The doctrine of the school—a technique derived in some cases from Bonnard and in some from Degas and partly invented, I surmise, by Coldstream; a respect for facts, derived from the Impressionists; thoroughness and a distaste for highfalutin—counts for something and gives the exhibition a certain cohesion: but of course, and as always, the peculiar gifts of particular individuals is what matters. The school is important because the scholars are apt. Let us see what they have done.

Pasmore's *Flower Barrow* is even better than his big picture seen at Wildenstein's in the spring. It is the loveliest thing in the show, a piece of luminous glory which makes me think of Bonnard, not because it is like a Bonnard but because it provokes the same sort of emotion: I can hardly think of a compliment that I should like better if I were a painter. In its very different way Coldstream's *St. Pancras Station* is equally successful. By a rare combination of downright hard labour and imagination he has produced in the thinnest of paint a picture of great intensity. Elaborately constructed out of observed but generalised facts the picture lives in its own world by force of the artist's conviction. Peer into it: take note how the smoke and steam which fill the dome mingle with the light coming in through the glass roof, remark in the top right-hand corner the patch of Turneresque sky, and admire the powerful effort required to bring these subtly observed and ingeniously rendered facts into a large and satisfying unity: that way mastery lies. Anyone who saw Graham Bell's fine picture at Rosenberg's is bound to be disappointed by his propaganda piece here. The picture is a failure, and the reasons for failure are not hard to discover. Obviously working from a photograph, the painter has not succeeded in recreating the scene in his imagination. The whole thing is unreal; the movements and gestures are quite unconvincing; the drawing is feeble. There is no reason why a painter should not be a communist painter or a fascist painter or a unified-socialist painter or a left-wing-conservative painter, but it is essential that his message should be implicit in his paint. Once he allows it to flap out like a bit of untucked-in shirt, the picture is lost. Unadjusted sociology is, I fancy, what is the matter with a picture by another good painter who does himself less than justice, Robert Medley. Propaganda must be properly assimilated. A breakdown in the digestive organs will bring the greatest master to grief: let Courbet be my witness.

Claude Rogers is less known than the artists of whom I have been writing, but his picture in this exhibition should give him reputation. He is sensitive and he is intelligent: and that is important because, whereas uncontrolled sensibility may lead anywhere, an intelligent artist—and an artist Rogers most certainly is—may be expected to go from strength to strength. It is a joy to study this picture and realise how very well the artist knows what he is about. Sensibility has supplied the delicate movements and charming harmonies; but it was intellect that manoeuvred the figures into the centre of the canvas and then prevented them becoming a crowd by adroit touches of strong colour on one side and by the perfect placing of a vague old gentleman which creates depth for the other figures to move in.

If Rogers was little known, Gowing was known even less—naturally, seeing that he is still a student. His picture is the surprise of a surprising exhibition. Some good judges consider it the best thing here, and I shall be at no pains to contradict them. It betrays the influence of the school as the work of a student should; at the same time it is personal and the personality revealed is impressive. If Rogers is sensitive, Gowing is super-sensitive. Indeed, one is tempted to think that he is a little afraid of his sensibility, and by means of a bleak subject and an austere technique has deliberately kept it down. Be that as it may, his delicate reactions have hardened into a grave and consistent design, and the result is a picture of great beauty which it would be an honour for any collector to possess.

I had hoped to say something about two gifted painters who work in quite another tradition, Moynihan and Tibble. Contrasted with the purity, not to say puritanism, of the Euston school, their work may appear flashy and even a little cheap. It has merits, however, and I could say more and better were I not impelled to devote the inch that remains to an exhortation. This is a critical moment for English painting, the most hopeful we have known for a hundred years. As the newly arranged room at the Tate Gallery proves, an older generation, cured of Pre-Raphaelitism, and vivified by Cézanne, has not belied its promise. And here, by an extraordinary stroke of fortune, comes on its heels a new one, endowed with energy and ardour and, what is more important but unluckily much more rare, talent. It would be a poor thing if English amateurs were to let the moment slip, if they

let the movement die for want of support. Wherefore I beseech them, after they have enjoyed the present at the Lefèvre Galleries and the Tate, to give their attention, and something more than attention, to the future as represented at the Storran.

CLIVE BELL

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE

THE musical season is now in full swing. At Sadler's Wells excellent performances of *Aida*, *Carmen*, *Don Giovanni* and *Tannhäuser* are revealing the great development that is taking place there and already the benefits obtained from the recent extensions, including the splendid opera rehearsal room and the larger stage are beginning to show. We are rapidly arriving at the point of having in Sadler's Wells a real national opera house for the first time in our history, and one worthy of comparison with the majority of opera houses in Europe.

Sir Thomas Beecham has given two of his Sibelius Festival concerts which drew full houses and aroused much enthusiasm, and the season of B.B.C. Symphony Concerts began with a modernish programme on October 26th, under Sir Adrian Boult, of Mozart's *Notturno* for four orchestras (K286) followed by Busoni's Violin Concerto and William Walton's Symphony. In the introductory note to this programme, Professor Edward J. Dent contributed an article in which he seeks to make a distinction between music written for pleasure and music written for some other reason, or perhaps I should say, purpose, which I assume can only be for giving the opposite of pleasure, namely, pain. He says, apropos of the compositions of Mozart's early manhood, that there is a

> huge quantity of comparatively early music written mainly to order and to give pleasure. For Beethoven music written to give pleasure hardly exists at all.

Of all the unkind things said about Beethoven by modern writers this seems to me the unkindest. But I don't think Professor Dent quite meant it in this way. Nor do I think his distinction between music written to give pleasure and music written for some other reason in any degree enlightening. It seems to me a very late survival in the Cambridge professor of the Puritan spirit with its inclination to look upon anything done for pleasure as inferior and not quite moral. It is one of the worst fallacies—and normally a sign of inexperience—to associate inferior music with pleasure and good music with something less attractive, such as boredom. Quite the contrary is true. If I cannot share some of my acquaintances' ecstasy and enjoyment of the music of, say, George Gershwin and Irving Berlin it is because their music bores me and gives me no pleasure in comparison with the music of Bach and Beethoven. I get immeasurably more pleasure quantitatively and qualitatively from Bach's B minor Mass than from any Rhapsody in Blue, Pink or Purple. Surely Professor Dent is not suggesting that one necessarily gets more pleasure from comedy than from tragedy or that exaltation is less pleasurable than exhilaration!

The distinction between grave and gay cannot, in my opinion, be made upon a pleasure basis, and frankly I do not know what he means by "music written for pleasure," since it seems to me that all genuine music must give pleasure both to the composer and to the receiver. If, however, Professor Dent is seeking to make a distinction between a higher and a lower pleasure I think it is misleading and inaccurate to suggest that the difference is anything but one of degree. The degree of my pleasure in listening to the music of Gershwin and Berlin is so low that I become restless; in the case of a more gifted musician, such as the composer of *Fledermaus*, one's pleasure increases to a degree of real satisfaction. That this satisfaction is still less than it is in the case of, say, Mozart's *Figaro* is largely due to the fact that *Fledermaus* is too exclusively gay. *Figaro* is as gay as *Fledermaus* but also much sadder and intenser. Consequently it gives more pleasure if only because it satisfies more sides of our nature.

We may see a similar phenomenon in drama. Why does Chekov outwear so many merely gay dramatists? His comedy is as lively and diverting as any ever written. Even the great Labiche is not funnier than Chekov can be at times, but Labiche is too monotonously funny and when we come to the crowd of temporarily popular and inferior dramatists, the innumerable begetters of farces for pleasure of a season or two their concentrated efforts at writing to please are productive of a weariness beyond description except for the most primitive and simple minds.

Again, Professor Dent says: "Among music written to give pleasure one need have no scruple in naming Mozart's early Masses, Vespers and Litanies." Why this scruple? Why this Puritanism? It almost makes me wonder whether Professor Dent has ever heard or looked at Mozart's Masses, Vespers and Litanies! But he must know, for example, the *Litaniae de Venerabili Altaris Sacramento* (K243) which was performed in Salzburg at the last Austrian festival under Dr. Paumgartner. Although this is an early work written when Mozart was twenty years old, it is full of his genius, intensely serious and on a grand scale. It is not alone among his early church music in this respect. But does this mean that it cannot give pleasure? It would give every musician more pleasure even than Johann Strauss's *Fledermaus*, although I admit that it could not exactly be described as "gay." But gaiety is only one form of exhilaration, and exhilaration and full of vitality this Litany most certainly is! It is to be hoped that the B.B.C., which alone commands sufficient means to rehearse and perform choral works of such difficulty, will some day soon turn its attention to Mozart's neglected church music; for although Professor Dent for some strange reason likes to describe this music as "utility music" he also declares that it has "beauty and fascination." It seems to me that "utility music" is as inapt a phrase as one could imagine for music composed in the service of the church so whole-heartedly and fervently as this ecclesiastical music of Mozart's. One might as well call the Church frescoes of Piero della Francesca, or the innumerable paintings for churches of the great Italian

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masters "utility painting." That they were largely commissioned or designed for a specific purpose is true, but this does not mean either that they were not painted with pleasure, or that they did not give pleasure, or that they were in any way frivolous. W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"You Can't Take It With You" at the Gaumont.
"There Goes My Heart" at the London Pavilion from Monday.
"Katia," at the Academy.

A moral sticks out a mile from Frank Capra's new film: the "It" of the title is not sex-appeal but money. Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by Messrs. Kaufman and Hart, the film is nothing but a gibe at big business, a tirade against tycoons. Until yesterday the self-made, self-willed business man was a noble American ideal only challenged by nasty-minded radicals like Mr. Sinclair Lewis. And now one of Hollywood's biggest producing companies thinks it worth while to devote a two-hour movie to blowing the remains of the myth sky-high; here is a fact worth pages of well-informed comment on the Changing Outlook in America. After the new Deal a new morality was to be expected, for an American without an ideal is as inconceivable as a totalitarian without an idol. But what sort of ideal is to replace the tough and efficient big shot? To judge by *You Can't Take It With You*, a very dubious one. The film lines up its characters neatly: there is a business team led by Anthony P. Kirby and a gather-ye-roses fraternity captained by Grandpa Vanderhof. Grandpa, as wise and pawky as Lionel Barrymore can make him, lives in a house badly wanted for demolition by the Kirby combine; the situation is complicated by the fact that one of his granddaughters loves Kirby's son. Thirty years ago old Vanderhof decided to devote the remainder of his life to having fun; and throughout the film the unbridled fun of the Vanderhof menage is favourably contrasted with the starchy inhumanity of Wall Street and the Social Register—at least that is the intention. The Bad Life of Wall Street is brilliantly debunked: shrill telephones, overstrain, ruined digestion, nervous twitches, obsequious subordinates, human adding machines, bluster, bluff and bad temper. But the Good Life lived by the Vanderhofs turns out to be hardly less nerve-racking: everybody, we are told, does just what he wants to, which means that—on the basis of a fixed income which is tactfully kept out of the discussion—a daughter writes awful plays and paints awful pictures, a son-in-law makes fireworks in the cellar with an ice-man, and a ballet-struck granddaughter spends the entire day pirouetting, energetically but without talent; several hangers-on and a tame crow complete this domestic Shangri-La. They are whimsy, arty folk and what Stevie Smith calls Boheem, and their sentimentality is outrageous. Grandpa smugly refuses to pay a cent of income-tax, opines that the only thing you *can* take with you is the love of your friends, and says grace in the form of a sickly man-to-man chat with the Divinity. All the Vanderhof scenes are directed with an artificial gaiety that I found most exhausting; a few hours of that environment would reconcile me to a lifetime of Wall Street. One longs to make the unspoken reply to old Vanderhof: "You can't run a continent on *dolce far niente*." The inevitable clash of individualism and efficient organisation is too vital a theme to be shrugged aside in favour of a *Tilly of Bloomsbury* dinner party at which the Vanderhofs entertain the Kirbys and everything goes wrong. But don't get the idea that the film is not worth seeing: the bank scenes are mordantly amusing, and there is some first-rate acting. Edward Arnold gives an unexaggerated, beautifully calculated performance as the banker. As the lovers Jean Arthur and James Stewart could not be bettered; no actor on the screen to-day manages to appear more unconscious of script, camera and director than Mr. Stewart.

There Goes My Heart has a plot which unites half the more familiar formulas of the day. Rich little girl (Virginia Bruce) escapes from her environment and gets a job in her father's department store; there being—most improbably—no available photograph to identify her as the world's richest girl, she gets away with it. Ace reporter (Fredric March), sent out to make a good story of her disappearance, identifies her, falls in love, and copes with the usual round of difficulties and misunderstandings. Here again the real theme—the heroine's personal experience of the conditions under which her money is produced—is tactfully avoided, but in the reporter's disgust with all crazy heiresses we catch an echo of the new social conscience. Patsy Kelly's amusing performance as a genuine shopgirl makes the film enjoyable; there are some witty lines and a ridiculously droll game of musical chairs on ice.

Though the plots are similar, the new Danielle Darrieux is not another *Mayerling*. Once more Mlle. Darrieux plays a well-born girl entangled with a royal prince. This time it is Alexander II of Russia, played unexpectedly by John Loder with a creditable, rather than a convincing, French accent. The Tsar is attracted by Katia when he meets her as a madcap schoolgirl on her father's estate; and when, some years later, she is presented at Court, he falls deeply in love with her. There is a curious lack of character and humanity about this glittering film: nobody seems to care a pin for the feelings of the poor Tsarina, who is dying of something that looks like consumption; revolutionary fervour is tritely symbolised by beautiful anarchists reclining on their beds, plotting busily and smoking innumerable cigarettes; it is in deference to an impulsive demand of Katia's that the Tsar grants Russia its constitution. One really cannot work up enthusiasm for so shallow a pair of lovers as these; besides, I am becoming bored with Mlle. Darrieux's perpetual air of goofy, open-mouthed innocence. She does it very well, but it is time she tackled something more mature. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Dearly Beloved Wife," presented by the London Playgoers Club.

Though based upon the lively paradox that it is not murderers that are abnormal, but their victims, this play is a very grim affair. Margot Haigan makes herself so intolerable that her husband poisons her. In real life the motive of such murders is usually economic: men kill their wives because if they merely deserted them, alimony would be demanded. In this play the husband cannot bear to see the deterioration and the unhappiness of the woman he once loved, now fallen into drunkenness and hysteria. The victim is pitiably repulsive, the murderer positively saintly, and in consequence the painfulness of the drama becomes intolerable. It is doubtful indeed whether the spectacle of such unhappiness can aesthetically be justified, when it is unredeemed by poetic imagination or the grandeur of tragedy. It is, however, certain that this is "good theatre"; all the parts except that of the man's mistress are fine and fat, and the story is no less convincing than it is absorbing. But before the play is put on for a run, it requires careful pruning; several scenes make their point at unnecessary length. (Perhaps modern playwrights whose most usual mistake is to use too little material might profitably study the old dramatist's practice of contriving a secondary plot.) Miss Jeanne de Casalis, as the admirable *St. Helena* showed, is a highly accomplished dramatist, with a rich sense of humour. Here she displays a remarkable gift for observation. The vulgarities of lower middle class Cockney life are presented with the ruthlessness of a French *naturaliste*. The victim, her friend the dressmaker and the medical students are comic and horrifying. The murderer, on the other hand (a photographer), and the charlady and an Indian doctor are painted with rare sympathy. The acting was on a very high level; Miss Olive Sloane was terrific as the victim; a rabbit with a stomach-wound could not ask more urgently to be put out of its misery. Miss Noel Hood was similarly excellent. Miss Marie Ault and Mr. Oswald Skilbeck gave beautiful performances. Mr. Alexander Knox brought uncommon style and delicacy to his study of the saintly murderer—here is an actor whom one will not forget. Miss Mercia Swinburne seemed at sea in a rather unrewarding part,

but Mr. Elliott Seabrooke and the rest of the cast were thoroughly plausible. Altogether an exciting entertainment for those that appreciate realism, character and cruel comedy.

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts" and "Twelfth Night," at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge

Of all the dramatists loosely and conveniently termed Elizabethan, from *Gorboduc* to the closing of the threates, Philip Massinger has suffered least from the changes and chances of criticism, from the hyperbole of romantic adulation and the calculated neglect of the actor manager. Coleridge and Swinburne, Leslie Stephen and William Archer are for once surprisingly agreed as to the merits of one in whom we see "the twilight of such day as after sunset fadeth in the west." The conclusion of Arthur Symons is just. "Massinger has no real mastery over the passions, and his eloquence does not appeal to the heart. He interests us strongly; but he has no power to overwhelm or carry us away." For three hundred years, however, Sir Giles Overreach has held his place on the stage; and he hangs in the gallery of English "characters" along with the Wife of Bath and Uriah Heep. He is, of course, a more realistic figure than Volpone, whose imaginative and vigorous rhetoric was kindled from the sparks of Marlowe's Jew. In a later age Massinger would surely have been a remarkable novelist of the familiar English sort. Mr. Robert Atkin's performance as Sir Giles in his own lucid straightforward production made one think of Hogarth and of Charles Dickens. There was little caricature, however. The scene in which Overreach bids his daughter seduce and secure Lord Lovell that he may have the pleasure of calling her Right Honourable, was played with great skill and subtlety. The grand collapse when the great knave discovers that he has been made a great gull and runs mad and is removed to Bedlam was vigorous but a little uneasy. Our chief source of pleasure was the lack of affectation throughout. If we ever do have a National Theatre let us hope that Mr. Atkins will be put in charge of some of the Jacobean revivals. He has an ear for style and knows that the words and the voice come first. If they are right the rest will follow. His *Twelfth Night* had the same quality and Miss Peggy Bryan as Viola was a real discovery. "A little eyas" could not have done better. Mr. Clarke Smith's Malvolio did not step out of the frame. Unity, taste and spontaneity, such as are seldom found in professional performances of Shakespearean comedy, made the familiar fresh and the traditional sincere.

"Remembrance of Things Past," at the International Theatre

Mr. Ackland is a highly accomplished dramatist, with the craft and technique to carry off a bad business better than many of his rivals. But even an Olympic cow cannot jump over the moon, and the stagecraft of Sheridan with decor by Derain and production by Komisarjevski, with Dr. Arne in the orchestra drowning most of the dialogue, would not suffice to make a play from this battery of audible introspections. Mr. Ackland's characters suffer from spiritual regurgitations on an empty psyche. There's Katherine, a failed ballet-dancer, quiveringly nostalgic for Chris, her oh-so-charming ex-husband with his album of snapshots and Chelsea antique-shop, and Alan (falls in love with Kath), an embittered Goeringesque ex-doctor, obsessed by the murder of his unfaithful wife, and seeking regeneration in Spanish medical aid. Then, quite separately, there's Mrs. Merriman, who thinks of Johnny (killed in the war), Corporal Maltby (talks about Wipers, saw Johnny killed), a film director, still preoccupied with his long-dead silent masterpiece, and a Bright Young Thing, homesick for Le Touquet in the early twenties. In the midst of the medley is a senile, half-witted old man whose mutterings and day dreams are apparently intended to serve as a Russian chorus to the nostalgias of all the others. What happens? Oh, Chris shoots himself, Kath marries Alan, Mrs. Merriman goes to the bad, and the curtain falls on the half-light of an autumn evening. Mr. Ackland has the dramatic gift of enhancing actuality, and has succeeded in making his characters sillier, and their conversations more boring, than anything to be encountered in real life. The cast were obviously hampered by their parts, but Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. Alfred Clark gave admirably restrained performances as the two old people. Master Raymond Wood made a lively small boy, and politely concealed his contempt for the antics of the grown-ups. Mr. Ackland's title shows a Chamberlainesque carelessness for the context of a quotation; his many admirers will no doubt echo the sentiment of the following line.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 5th—
- Conference on the Freedom of the Press and the Official Secrets Act, Beaver Hall, Cannon Street, 2.30.

SUNDAY, November 6th—
- C. Cohen: "The New Science and the New God," Conway Hall, 11.
- Mass Rally and Meeting in celebration of the 21st Anniversary of the Soviet Union, Empress Stadium, 6.30.
- "The Ladye of Glamys," Strand.
- "Never Good-bye," Savoy.

MONDAY, November 7th—
- V. K. Krishna Menon: "The Empire and the British People," Caxton Hall, 8.
- Special Indian Night in aid of Indian Poor in East End of London, Playhouse, 8.15.

TUESDAY, November 8th—
- National Council for Equal Citizenship Conference on Family Allowances, Caxton Hall, 10.30-12.45 and 2-4.
- Lord Ponsonby: "Pacifists and the Crisis," Friends House, 1.20.
- Opening of Unprofessional Painting Exhibition, Pioneer Health Centre, Peckham, 3.30.
- Joseph McCabe: "Rationalism—Rational and Irrational," Conway Hall, 7.
- J. F. Horrabin: "What Is the British Empire?" 86 Rochester Row, 8.

WEDNESDAY, November 9th—
- First of Five Public Lectures on "Religion as a Social Force," William Beveridge Hall, The University, 6.
- First of Course of Eight Lectures on "Problems of the Family," Friends House, 6.15.

THURSDAY, November 10th—
- Raymond Jones: "Free Trade in a Modern World," 34 Knightrider Street, 7.
- Norman Haire: "The Elements of Sexology," first of six lectures, Conway Hall, 8.
- Prague Philharmonic Orchestra Concert, Queens Hall, 8.30.
- Mme. Geneviève Tabouis: "The Confusion of Western Democracy under Capitalist Domination," Friends House, 8.30.

FRIDAY, November 11th—
- Armistice Day Meetings: "Christ and Peace," Central Hall, Kingsway Hall, Friends House, 7.30.
- John Parker and Ronald Kidd: "Czechoslovakia—What Next?" Ethical Church, Queensway, 8.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN Crabb Robinson was eighty-eight and in failing health, he noted in his diary :

> A letter from Field gravely counselling me as a preservative not to talk more than two hours consecutively! Was this satire? It does not offend me. It ought to mortify me.

" If there is anyone here who wishes to say anything, he had better say it at once, for Crabb Robinson is coming," Samuel Rogers warned an assembled breakfast-party. The talk, though abundant, was good, for Crabb Robinson had an unfailing interest in character, a *flair* for individuality, and an interest in new ideas. He had, moreover, hilarity, activity, great animal spirits. His face looked a little bit like that of a chimpanzee. He read as much as he talked—with a voracious appetite and unflagging interest. For over sixty years he moved in literary circles, and knew or had met practically every writer of importance in England. From 1811 till his death in 1867, he kept a diary which contains the literary history of two generations. The mere bulk of these records has prevented not only their publication in a complete and properly edited edition but even their appreciation ; but Professor Edith Morley, the author of the *Life and Times of Crabb Robinson*, now brings them forward in a much more useful form than Sadler's selection, about one-thirtieth part of the whole, which was published about 1870, shortly after Robinson's death.

Henry Crabb Robinson on Books and their Writers (Dent, three vols., 31*s.* 6*d.*), as Professor Morley explains, is not a selection of what she thinks important, but a complete edition of all references to books and to their authors in the diaries and journals. She excludes only references to theological and scientific books of no literary interest, summaries of the plots of novels, and notes of the type : " Called on Lamb ; not at home." The diaries are a mine of information on points other than literary ones. Crabb Robinson was, for example, as assiduous a theatre-goer as Pepys, and if the theatre of the Regency and Early Victorian England ever became a matter of absorbing interest, his notes would be as valuable as the accounts Pepys gives of the Restoration theatre. This, however, seems an exceedingly remote contingency.

* * *

There is no doubt, however, about the value of his notes on the poets. He knew many of them intimately, and gives first-hand pictures of them, as well as revealing what their contemporaries thought about them. Luckily he was more than a bit of a hero-worshipper. Sometimes he came too close to the divinity. In a famous passage he describes running about after Mrs. Siddons, with whom he was not acquainted, through the Louvre and proffering an umbrella to escort her to her carriage as it was raining when she left :

> There was something about her that disturbed me. So glorious a head ought not to have been covered with a small chipped hat. She knit her brows too, on looking at the pictures, as if to assist a failing sight. But I recognised her fascinating smile with delight, though there was a line or two about her mouth which I thought coarse.

It is only to be expected, it is indeed in the nature of things, that such disillusionments should come to the admirers of poets and artists with especial force and frequency. The diary opens in 1811 with accounts of Coleridge's bitterly disappointing lectures—each promising so much, and each losing itself in miserable apologies and meaningless digressions :

> Coleridge unhappily relapsed into his desultory habit, and delivered, I think, his worst lecture. He began by identifying religion and love, delivered a rhapsody on brotherly and sisterly love, which seduced him into a dissertation on incest. I at last lost all power of attending to him.

Coleridge could be almost as disappointing in private. On one occasion he began to say something about *Christabel*, but he was drunk and could remember nothing about the poem. It is amusing and rather touching to find that Crabb Robinson's respect for Coleridge was so great that he felt it proper to veil this occurrence in the decent obscurity of the German language, no doubt in order to conceal the fact from any acquaintances who were allowed to read his diary. Lamb, a more intimate, but less venerated friend, is always allowed to be drunk in English!

* * *

If Coleridge's lectures were dreary, Hazlitt's were unintelligible—they were read aloud and dealt with abstruse philosophy. Crabb Robinson had been the first person to discern Hazlitt's literary talents, but broke with him completely as Hazlitt did not respect Wordsworth sufficiently. He was also deficient in morals. Godwin, another of Crabb Robinson's early admirations, cost him too much altogether in continual loans, so that he was obliged to cut him in self-defence. But in Wordsworth, Robinson found a really great poet whom he could worship without embarrassment. The fact that so many of his contemporaries were blind to Wordsworth's transcendent greatness made his love and admiration burn more hotly. There were the scoffers like Lady Macintosh who told Coleridge that Wordsworth had exactly described her feelings about Nature in the lines :

> A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

If it had not been for his admiration for Wordsworth, there is little in the diaries to show that Crabb Robinson would have ever looked at a primrose. Eight pages of ecstatic quotation mark the red-letter day when Wordsworth allowed him to read a manuscript of *Peter Bell* before publication. He afterwards passed it on to Lamb, who to his astonishment complained of the slowness of the poem :

> Wordsworth, he says, has great thoughts, but here are none of them. He has no interest in the ass. There are to me inconceivable judgments from Charles Lamb, whose taste I generally acquiesce in, and who is certainly an enthusiast for Wordsworth.

Seven years afterwards, the champion of Wordsworth's worst poem had weakened :

> They attacked me about *Peter Bell*. But this is a storm I must yield to. Wordsworth has set himself back ten years by the publication of this unfortunate work.

Later on he was responsible for persuading Wordsworth to omit some of the most " offensive passages." But he nearly broke off a friendship with a lady who praised a parody, probably Shelley's, of the poem. The devotion to Wordsworth was the chief thing in Crabb Robinson's life, and a large part of his diaries are the unconscious record of the slow petrifaction, or desiccation, of Wordsworth's spirit. Far more space is given to Wordsworth than to any other writer.

* * *

There are many amusing notes on Landor, who told Crabb Robinson :

> I have let Louis Napoleon know that if any man flies to England for refuge, having failed in an attempt to assassinate him, I will allow him an annuity of £15, for his life.

The value of Crabb Robinson's diaries is two-fold. They are full of first-hand accounts of poets, about some of whom, for example Blake, we know really very little. In the second place they give a history of English literature of the first half of the nineteenth century as it appeared at the time. There is a charming freshness about these impressions of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, De Quincey, written when they had no reputation at all. This edition is, as I said, far more useful than the earlier one : it contains new material and has a supply of indexes which will enable students to refer to the Crabb Robinson correspondence at Dr. Williams's library. But the exclusion of all the diarist's daily affairs, legal business and political interests, robs him of personality. Crabb Robinson is more of a ghost here and less of a man than in Sadler's edition.

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A GREAT HISTORY

Gladstone and the Irish Nation. By J. L. HAMMOND. *Longmans.* 36*s.*

The writings of Dr. and Mrs. Hammond have probably had more practical influence in this country than those of any other living historian. No one, unless he were abnormally deficient in common humanity, could read their accounts of popular misery between 1760 and 1854 without pity, indignation, and a passionate desire to reduce the vast area of distress still caused by capitalist anarchy. In his new book Dr. Hammond is concerned with a subject that may appear less relevant. But in fact the Irish question, which in the fifty years before the war occupied the energies of English politicians so continuously, and, one may think, so disproportionately, combined the two most important features of modern politics—nationalism and the class-struggle. To-day the claim of Ireland to be a self-governing nation is generally acknowledged, and probably the younger generation of Conservatives must wonder at the blindness of all their party leaders from Pitt to Disraeli, Salisbury and Balfour. The people of Great Britain had no quarrel with the Irish nation; and though religious and racial differences greatly complicated the issue, fundamentally this was a class-struggle between starving peasants and rich landlords. The Conservatives believed that the rights of property were more important than the right not to starve. Indeed it was this belief that made them Conservatives. (It still does.)

So far the economic interpretation is entirely just. But soon a point comes when it ceases to apply. When the Liberal Party split over Home Rule at the election of 1886, the majority of working-men voters, as Dr. Hammond points out, "followed Gladstone and not Chamberlain, though Gladstone offered them nothing but Home Rule, and Chamberlain offered them social reforms." Moreover, Mr. Gladstone's own devotion to the Irish cause must be explained in terms not of economics but of character. It is the capital merit of Dr. Hammond's book that it contains not only the best account of the Irish question between 1869 and 1894, but the most perceptive analysis of Mr. Gladstone that has yet been made.

The sufferings of the agricultural proletariat in Ireland, like those of the industrial proletariat in England, were due not only to the rapacity of the propertied class, but to the accepted theories of the time. The doctrine of *laisser faire* in industry was not a mere excuse for sweating invented by the manufacturers, it was a justified revolt against the paralysing effect upon trade caused by ill-conceived State interference. Similarly the peasant, Dr. Hammond points out, was considered an obsolete figure and an economic embarrassment. The Government believed that "a society that kept its peasants was losing its place in the world of man." Pitt and Peel probably believed this then as honestly as Stalin does now, but the results were appalling. "In ten years"—Peel is speaking—"252,000 peasant homes are destroyed and a million and a half of the Irish people cross the Atlantic." (As late as 1886 Lord Salisbury still really believed that the best solution of the Irish problem was to expel the Irish from their own country.) Oppression, as always, led to lawlessness: and English Conservatives, all through the nineteenth century and up to the war, obstinately clung to a futile remedy. In 1886 the two alternative solutions were put forward: Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill, and Lord Salisbury asked for twenty years' "resolute government." Lord Salisbury won; the solution was applied in the most favourable circumstances. And when the Unionists at last fell in 1905, Ireland was "not less but more self-conscious than she had been in 1885; more self-conscious and more Irish."

In the first half of his book Dr. Hammond explains why Mr. Gladstone was converted to Home Rule; in the second, why he failed to achieve it. Critics of Mr. Gladstone, from Lord Salisbury onwards, have repeatedly attributed his conversion not to principle but to greed for office. He decided in its favour, they say, only when he could no longer govern without the support of the Irish Members. *Prima facie* this view is improbable: he was a shrewd politician, and knew that Home Rule would split his party: there was in fact no surer way of losing office than by adopting this policy. Moreover, there is documentary proof that he honestly, if rather ingenuously, hoped that Home Rule would be granted by the Tories. He respected Salisbury as a Churchman who had shown great wisdom in foreign affairs, and Salisbury had empowered Carnarvon to hold conversations with Parnell. (Balfour afterwards lied about this in the House.) Mr. Gladstone, so far from seeking to outbid his opponents for Nationalist support, repeatedly advised Parnell to negotiate with the Conservatives, who would have little opposition to face in either House if they introduced a Home Rule Bill. Nobody, I think, after reading Dr. Hammond's book, can again accuse Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy of opportunism.

But could he, by showing greater wisdom, have passed a Home Rule Bill himself? This is a trickier question, and Dr. Hammond's passionate admiration for Mr. Gladstone does not affect his impartiality in considering it. The obstacles were enormous. Probably no subject in nineteenth and twentieth century English politics has aroused such violent opposition as Home Rule. The *Times* fought against all concessions to the Irish as malignantly as after the war it fought against all concessions to the Germans. The Conservative leaders were little nicer in their methods: when Parnell denounced Pigott's forgeries, the judges appointed were notoriously strong opponents of Home Rule; the Attorney-General appeared for the *Times*, and W. H. Smith, the Leader of the House, had a consultation with the proprietor of the *Times* about the procedure to be adopted. The Irish were rebels, and there was no need, therefore, to preserve the impartiality of the Law. Salisbury and Balfour rivalled one another in the causticity of their attacks upon the Irish, and the Queen, in her passion, forgot her constitutional duty. Besides these avowed enemies, the mass of Mr. Gladstone's educated supporters were alienated by Home Rule—including Huxley, Tyndall, Tennyson, Browning, Lecky, Froude, Martineau, Jowett and Herbert Spencer. Still more serious for Mr. Gladstone was the opposition of his leading colleagues. Hartington was the heir to great Irish estates, and probably could never have been converted. (Of the Parnell divorce he remarked: "I never thought anything in politics could give me such pleasure as this does." Dr. Hammond points out that Hartington himself was then living in adultery, and adds "Never in history has chivalry been at a lower ebb in the English upper classes.") John Bright, after many years of nobly championing the Irish, had been turned against them by what he considered their unforgivable ingratitude. But gravest of all was Chamberlain's hostility. Though in the light of his later history this may now seem to have been inevitable, personal animosity certainly played an important part at the time. Chamberlain was justly impatient with Mr. Gladstone's indifference to Radical measures for helping the urban proletariat: he was no less justly indignant at the slights his leader put upon him. Chamberlain was not a Hellenist; he was not a Churchman, or even, in Mr. Gladstone's eyes, a Christian; finally he was not a gentleman. Perhaps Dr. Hammond rather underestimates the unlucky part played by this last consideration. Mr. Gladstone was not a snob, but Chamberlain's vulgarity of manner probably grated upon his upper-middle-class fastidiousness more than it did upon aristocrats like Salisbury and Balfour. The style in which he refused Chamberlain the Colonial Office was more wounding than the refusal itself; and his further refusal to give Chamberlain a free hand in major reforms of Local Government was the final unwisdom. Thenceforward Chamberlain behaved worse to Mr. Gladstone than Mr. Gladstone had ever behaved to him. And largely as a result of this hostility the Irish question continued to poison political life for another thirty-five years.

Hardly less responsible for this disaster was the character of Parnell. By masterly statesmanship, he had placed Ireland solidly behind him; by prodigious good fortune he had found as an eager ally in his plans the most powerful of contemporary Englishmen. He then acted in such a way as to alienate any man less magnanimous than Gladstone, and did in fact alienate Chamberlain. He piled error upon error. He placed his career at the mercy of an adventurer, so that his mistress should not forfeit a legacy. When the crash came, he allowed his mistress to bring counter-charges, accusing her husband of adultery with her sister, with the result that England and Ireland rang with the unedifying details of her life with Parnell. And having thus disgusted the public opinion alike of Ireland and England, he refused to retire, and accused Mr. Gladstone of not being whole-hearted in his pursuit of Home Rule. Davitt, who had lived years of martyrdom for his beliefs in prison, appealed to Parnell, but in vain:

> One influence alone moved him. It was that of his mistress, who had no Irish blood and no Irish interest except her interest in Parnell's fortunes . . . Her life for eight years had been devoted to the effort to keep Parnell's love and her aunt's fortune without endangering

Sunday Times

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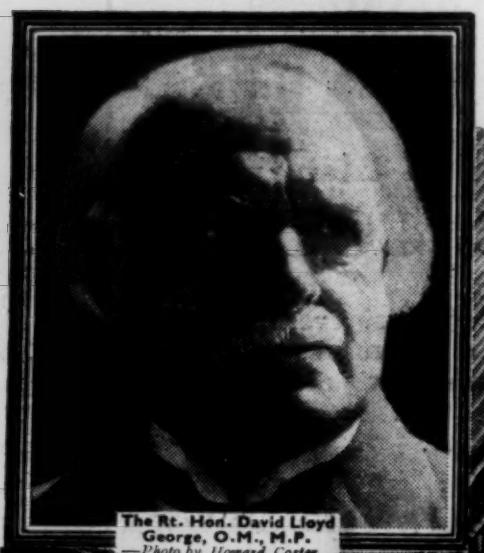

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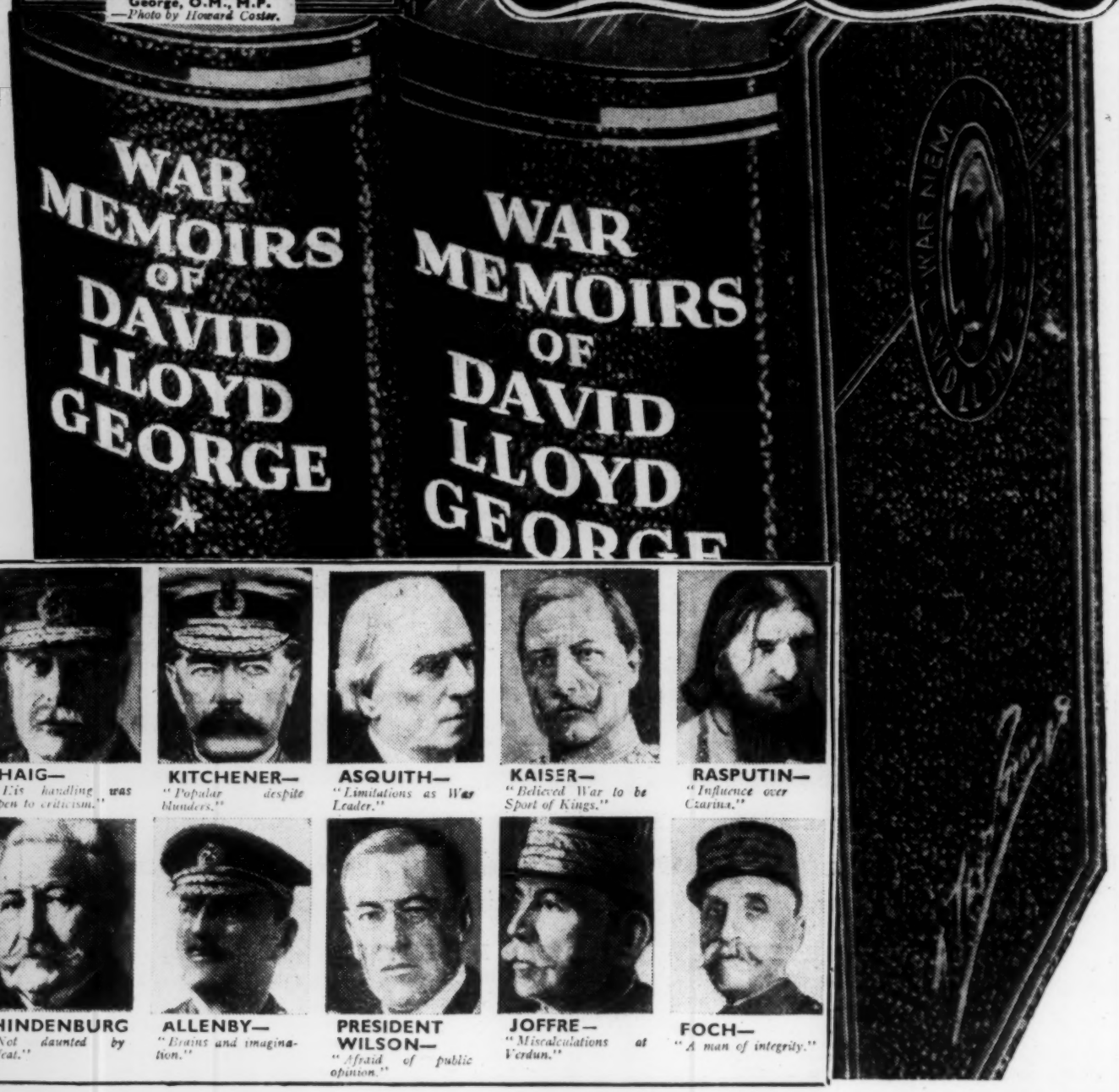

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Liddell Hart summarises it in a page or two. He does not repeat Mr. Lloyd George's violent, but justified, phrases. He is concerned only with the quiet analysis of the motives of soldiers who were no doubt, he says, "honourable men according to their lights," but whose "lights were dim." Joffre, whose reputation as a strong, silent man seems to have hidden a bottomless stupidity, comes out only a little better. His memoirs, as Captain Liddell Hart suggests, must have been carefully written by someone ingenious enough to find clever and deliberate reasons for Joffre's haphazard failures and successes. Foch, of course, was an able and more complicated person, but Captain Liddell Hart shows by a study of the invasion of Belgium and of the subsequent history of Foch's campaign how immense a tragedy it was that the French commanders held so blindly to their faith in always going bull-headed for the main front, even though, as in the case of the German advance through Belgium, the enemy expected you to do this, while he was planning a subtler encircling movement. It is, I think, clear from this analysis that if the French generals had believed less in "faith"—Foch's strong point—and more in thought, neither Belgium nor France need have been occupied and that the war could have been fought on the Belgian front instead of the French soil. Captain Liddell Hart is equally illuminating about the part played by America, about General Pershing's obstinacy and the struggle between him and Foch. The intrigues and battles between the various allied generals form an ironic thread throughout this narrative. The excuse for deceiving their Governments and for backing up each other's lies and for deceiving the generals who were co-operating with them was usually the old plea of "loyalty." It is a central thesis running throughout this book that truth is the supreme loyalty, that departure from truth was the basis of disaster and loyalty is "not a quality we can isolate—so far as it is real, and of intrinsic value, it is implicit in the possession of other virtues."

Captain Liddell Hart concludes with a philosophic epilogue which should be read not only by students of war, but by everyone who values sincere thinking amidst our present perplexities. There is nothing in this book about the horrors and sufferings of war, but there lies behind it a detestation that goes far deeper than any humanitarian distaste for human agony. All evils are included in a great war between States that maintain their oligarchic structure. It was the sacrifice of millions of lives for objects in which they were not interested, under leaders whose aspirations and ideals they did not share, that was the final horror of the war.

Captain Liddell Hart shows how the military mind cleaves to secrecy and desires "camouflage" for its plans even more than for its guns; he remarks "that pretence of infallibility is instinctive in a hierarchy"—in particular in a military hierarchy. This brings him to the urgent question of how far it is true that in order to defend ourselves as a nation we have to become totalitarian and give up both truth and liberty. He believes that there is no reason to "inject a soldier with emotional stimulants"; the fireman, the policeman and the miner perform their duty without the drug of propaganda, and he believes that the qualities that inspire their work are a safer guarantee for our defence than any artificially stimulated hatred. He argues that "what is of value in 'England' and worth defending is its tradition of freedom—the guarantee of its vitality"; that to urge a different system which destroys our freedom, ends the right of criticism and attempts to put a blind patriotism in the place of an honest independence is "to endanger the vital traditions" which we are supposed to be defending. "The most inefficient democracy," he says, "is less inefficient than any tyranny, because less soul-destroying." In a short discussion of recent British foreign policy he argues that irreparable damage has been done because the English, who have always muddled principle and expediency, have now altogether abandoned principle and landed themselves in a Machiavellian morass, where the dictators are at home and the democracies lost. Thus our present talk of rearmament is almost irrelevant. For rearmament, after all, is only a function of strategy; our leaders rearm for war while at the same time they throw away the allies and the strategical points of vantage which make the rearmament futile. The second great war of the twentieth century, he says, began in April, 1936, when Italy and Germany set out to use Franco's rebellion in order to put Britain and France in a strategically helpless position. For two years Captain Liddell Hart has been warning England of the vital importance of Spain and telling us how we may preserve ourselves without further Passchendaeles by the safe and honest method of aiding the victims of Fascist aggression. But he does not blame or prophesy. He leaves his words on record, not *pour l'histoire*, but in the hope perhaps that we may recognise the value of truth before it is too late. KINGSLEY MARTIN

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The Midas Touch. By MARGARET KENNEDY. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Flowers Without Sun. By JEAN ROSS. *Thornton Butterworth.* 6*s.*

More, you think, than I can have read. You are quite right. I have not read all of all these books: three I have only skimmed and sampled. Sampling and skimming is no doubt an imperfect way of arriving at a novel's value, but, to quote those mysterious women in spy stories, *que voulez-vous?* It is, after all, the way novels are chosen at the library or the bookstall, and it is the way reviewers are forced to select novels to review. They silt up in newspaper offices at a rate of anything up to thirty a week; a few are picked at once on the strength of the author's name, a few more because a publisher has earned a reputation for discovering new novelists, one or two because the theme interests the reviewer. The remainder, still a formidable pile, have to submit to the method of the lucky dip; and the dipper is in the position of a man making up his mind whether to enter a cinema by consulting the stills outside. He can guess roughly at the subject of the film, the quality of the photography, perhaps the skill of the actors; and that's about all. Just so the reviewer learns to tell at a glance whether the dialogue is stilted or real (and whether, if real, it avoids triviality), whether the descriptions are fussy and dull or sharp and imaginative, whether in fact the

Brent Geese, Flighting. *Peter Scott.*

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texture of the work is interesting. It is true that great novelists have sometimes written in a long-winded and unlovely style, with no more verbal felicity than comes from sheer efficiency: Trollope, for one. It is undeniably possible that the first novel of a contemporary Trollope might slip through the fingers of the most conscientious reviewer. His consolation must be that a novelist who can really *create* memorable plots and characters scarcely needs the voice of the critic; the public will quickly discover him for itself. It is the delicate and unusual talent which needs to be proclaimed; a reviewer might well hang his head if he missed a new Woolf or Forster or Compton-Burnett, for the quality of such writers is evident on every page of their books.

Of the eight on my list, Miss Ferber is a born inventive novelist, Mr. Blumenfeld a man who has had the wit to hit on a good ready-made subject and to treat it well, Mr. Buchanan a man with an original and distinguished mind. *Entanglement* makes an attempt to interpret the grey, muddled, muddy times through which we trudge; it is long, but not inflated. In form it is one of those now familiar cross-sections of London life, not nearly so accomplished as Miss Ferber's cross-section of New York; but the author is a man of ideas, any page is liable to contain some striking analysis or suggestion, and one reads on without boredom, even when the characters begin to jolt a little in their pre-ordained grooves. Mr. Buchanan's theme is the effect on our metropolitan life of endless worrying, the possibility of an annihilating war, the uncertainty of mere existence. An intelligent business man, for example, allows his youthful idealism to be soft-pedalled into extinction. "He had sat at too many dinner-parties, turning truth into an amiable entertainment of conversation. He had grown stale, if more amusing, with the years." This is a subtle, complete and brilliant portrait, and his wife and daughter, ornaments of the Corisande—Marianne Mayfayre world, are no less justly seen. So is the whole of their set: the Blimps not caricatured, the old lady with a penchant for the Higher Eastern Thought not guyed. Equally vital is the simple-minded, political young quarryman who goes out to Spain; as so often happens, it is the sound, intelligent middle man, in fact the hero, who blurs a bit. Kevin Rede and his brother Geoffrey are just too good to be true: I don't believe in brothers who talk to one another like this: "I have here a little book. It is called *Utopia*, and was written by Sir Thomas More over four hundred years ago." The daily life of England is described with the cold accuracy of an explorer's report, nothing taken for granted. Occasionally this method defeats itself: after all we are not Martians, and do not need to be told that Windsor Castle is a royal residence, or that we all read the evening papers going home in the tube, and that some of us have to stand. But in spite of a certain stiffness *Entanglement* ranks among the most stimulating of recent novels; it excites thought.

Miss Ferber's book is composed of two long short stories, of which the one that gives the book its title is the more important. *Nobody's in Town* paints New York in a July heat-wave, when the thermometer's at ninety-nine, "everybody that matters" is in the country or abroad, and only a few million nobodies remain. In a series of interlocking sketches the author makes her way with fascinating ease through these millions; especially good are the coloured servant and her dance-band clarinet sweetheart. So rich is Miss Ferber's material, so exquisitely selected and presented, that when, to round off her pattern, she invents an improbable coincidence we scarcely bother to object. "Sure, go ahead, ma'am," we murmur to this transatlantic Scheherazade; "if it helps the story it's O.K."

Doctor of the Lost, based on the life of Dr. Barnardo, is an extremely vivid picture of East End life in the 'sixties and of the part played there by the young medical student who established first the King's Arms Ragged School and then the East End Juvenile Mission. It is a story of heroic social struggle of a type more common thirty years ago than now; indeed it is a relief to find one's sympathies so unaffectedly and wholeheartedly engaged. The fictional dress is justified by Mr. Blumenfeld's detailed description of Victorian slum life, which comes appositely at a moment when everything Victorian is being seen, through rose-colour or technicolor lenses, as noble, touching, at least amusing. This is the other side of the picture, and very well the author has done it: his diseased, wretched characters come grimly and accusingly to life.

The Dark Room is another study of half-Westernised Southern India by the author of that charming, disconsolate little story, *The Bachelor of Arts*. A wife submits to her hectoring husband until he deceives her; then she stretches herself in misery on the floor of her retreat, "the dark room"; there is a scene, she leaves her husband and wanders penniless for some days; at last the thought of the children brings her back, to resume, still more dispiritedly, the dreary household round. I enjoyed the servants, and the young generation who despise the long, mythological Tamil films and are all for Shirley Temple; but the principal characters lack the humanity of his earlier book.

Sailor Comes Home describes the lives of poor people in a Welsh seaport, truly enough I dare say, but in a style which I can no more read than I can listen to someone playing the piano with one finger. Like this:

> She would be coming back home soon. Oh yes, it would not be long now. He knew Sarah too well to believe that she would be content with a Bute Street nigger and an attic for the rest of her life. She did not know what she wanted but Thomas knew it was not that. That was why he had not tried very hard to prevent her going. She wanted to go, let her go. He said all right, and watched her as he said it to see what effect his acquiescence had. She concealed her surprise but he knew. . . .

After the Death of Don Juan begins where Mozart's opera stops, with a witty scene between Ottavio and Anna: much worried by Elvira's continued presence in her house, and still more by the strange demands of her conscience (in reality her unsatisfied love for Juan), she makes a difficult expedition into the depths of the country to announce Juan's horrible end to his father; she finds a Voltairean old cynic who refuses to believe such a tale, especially on Leporello's evidence. The estate peasants on the other hand hope it is true; if it is, some of the money spent on that profligate may be diverted into irrigation schemes and other badly needed reforms. An interesting, unusual book, but Miss Warner does not succeed in blending the pleasant irony of her dramatic sequel to *Don Giovanni* with her perfectly serious picture of a downtrodden people attempting to better their conditions.

The Midas Touch is a crowded narrative with festoons of fairly credible characters and no particular distinction. The most striking of the characters is Evan Jones, a young man of Welsh origin coming home to England for the first time, brusque, direct, rude, attractive, in fact the stock type of Kennedy genius—only this time with a natural gift for making, not symphonies

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but money. I'm sure this is quite a satisfactory lending library book, but no one could call its texture interesting, and I confess that I couldn't face 400 pages of this sort of thing :

> But I know what! she thought. I'll have it out with Corris one of these days. I'll stand up to him and disagree with him, quite nicely but firmly. That would do me a lot of good. If he asks me about Mrs. Thingummy I shall say . . . I shall just say: Well, Corris, if you want the truth, she's a harmless old fraud. And you've no business to frighten Ellie and me into telling you such awful fibs. It's ridiculous! What does it matter if Ellie does waste a guinea or two on this silly hobby? It makes her happy and you can afford it. My God! Is there anything you can't afford? . . .

It's a recognisable stream of thought, I admit, but how little Miss Kennedy seems to fear the reader's boredom.

Flowers Without Sun I picked out because it seemed to have been written under the stress of a real experience of a ghastly institution, half "backward" school and half mental home. But the Carlylean breathlessness of Miss Ross's style wore me out. Here, for example, is the heroine falling off a bicycle :

> . . . fearlessly down she sweeps, wind whistling in her hair and her soul reared up among angels. Out among the bracken a dog, a flash of yellow darts after a ferret, a swerve, a root upflung and the world cracks. Pain and dark.

Miss Ross's style is itself not unlike a prolonged bicycling accident.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CATHOLIC WITNESS

A Diary of My Times. By GEORGES BERNANOS. *Boriswood.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a personal book and draws a personal response. It is the book of an agonised and profoundly Catholic soul tortured by the present condition of Europe and particularly by the cynical "Crusade" of the bishops and their Fascist and military allies in Majorca. You cannot argue with M. Bernanos, for you cannot argue with a whole man ; a whole man—that simply astonishes, rouses imagination, violent enmity and violent love. Wondering where before I had come against such a figure, I remembered Unamuno's *Tragic Sense of Life*. There are remarkable resemblances : the same passion, mysticism, the same "medieval soul," the same wild note of a voice crying in the wilderness, the same Catholic hatred of the Renaissance and all its works, the same talk of the People, not in the mass, democratic sense, but as the word can be used of the Middle Ages. And both writers are Catholics who declaim with the independent spirit (though not with the intent) of the Protestant evangelists. The styles are similar, too, in their pictorial and scathing vigour : "Modern man has a heart of flint and flaccid guts." Unamuno would not have written that. He prayed for glory rather than peace, but the prayer showed no suspicion that the reign of liberal benignity could ever end. The only blood he could imagine was the blood of the Lamb ; but M. Bernanos has seen other blood flowing first in the trenches of France and, more diabolically, in the Spanish religious terror in Majorca.

In the first and the most interesting fifty pages of *A Diary of My Times* you get the figure of M. Bernanos ; in the rest its crucifixion in Majorca. Mr. Wells, in one of his incurably optimistic moments, lately foresaw with pleasure that man was becoming nomadic. A laugh for M. Bernanos here, as he sits scribbling in cafés "swallowing sweetish coffee, and an occasional drowned fly." In a totalitarian world the religious man, the religious artist and, indeed M. Bernanos would say, the free man, become vagabonds. Catholics whose religion is passionate increasingly resemble the people of the old conquered cultures ; their beliefs, like paganism after the establishment of Christianity, become a hidden religion ; in the present world, if it goes on, they will take on the secrecy of the Folk. This may be an exaggeration, but not from M. Bernanos' point of view, which hates Fascism and Leninist and Stalinist Communism and capitalist democracy as part and parcel of the same thing. Lenin is but another Luther and Mussolini Lenin's irresponsible disciple. But, as I have said, one cannot argue about this with M. Bernanos. He writes as a poet, homely and rugged and in all his anger there is a vein of beautiful naivety. Again and again he returns to a picture of himself, as a procession of selves led not by his present self in middle age but by his childhood :

> Believe me, I know all the vanity of such yearning for the past. I know my life is already heavy with the dead. But none are so dead as the little boy that once was me. And yet, when the hour strikes, it is he who shall walk again at the head of my life, gather around him all my mistaken years, to the very last of them, and like a young leader of veterans, rallying his scattered company, he shall enter first the House of my Father. But there! We cannot speak in the name of childhood, for there we should have to speak as children. That is the forgotten tongue which I, fool, keep seeking from book to book. As though such words could ever be written, or even had been! And yet . . . sometimes a lost echo returns to me. And it is *that* makes you listen, my brothers all over the world. . . .

M. Bernanos was in Majorca with his family when the civil war broke out. Knowing nothing about Spanish politics, he was inclined to like the few Falangists, though as a Catholic and a French royalist he could not entirely agree with them. But his son did. He became an officer in their ranks. Not only was Majorca peaceful during this time, but it had a long tradition of peace. (A book published a year or so ago by a very well-informed American confirms M. Bernanos' picture of an innocent community.) And even after the Franco rising and indeed until Rossi arrived and the bishops and priests proclaimed a holy war, there was comparative peace on the island. But Rossi started the terror, at which the priesthood connived and assisted. Journalists have been amused by the eccentricities of this typical Italian adventurer, but the Majorcans had no cause to laugh at a brute who tore up and down the island in his scarlet car, dressed in a black robe with a white cross on it, boasting that he must have a woman a day (I paraphase M. Bernanos) and directing the purge. The officially admitted executions number 3,000. Two hundred went from one village. "Disaffection to the Crusade of Salvation" was the charge ; it was sufficient to have held liberal views. And after the massacres in the villages, the priests sometimes assisting, there was the business of releasing prisoners. They were set free in couples where nothing grave could be found against them—and shot the moment they got outside the prison gates.

That the Church should give this terror its blessing, that it should have the folly to do the spiritual charring for the totalitarian states, is what outraged the heart of M. Bernanos. He writes with a majestic scorn, with the passion of a man confronted by

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the cruelties of monkeys, the stupidities of marionettes. His humour is pungent:

> Any Sunday you may catch sight of an elderly and respectable gentleman on his way to church, in a black coat and striped trousers, and you'll think no more of it. But give him a last careful brush-down, and transport him to the ruins of Shanghai, and the poor old boy will appear grotesque or horrible—according to your mood.

It is the humour of the vagabond. As he kicks Fascism around like an old hat, bespatters the French friends of Franco with mud, and compares those who curl up "under his nose like sensitive plants" to ask, "So you're a Communist?" to Noel Coward's heroines, this humour redeems him from the charge of romanticism when he holds that honour is dead. A glance at rearmament shows, as he says, that the thieves cannot trust each other. I beg as many as possible to read this savage and formidable man. The truth is in him.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LIGHT VERSE

The Oxford Book of Light Verse. Chosen by W. H. AUDEN. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Not the Oxford book of humorous or comic verse, you notice, but the Oxford book of *light* verse. There is a difference. Verse may be light as cloud puffs without being funny—Herrick and Musset spring to mind; while the gambollings of Keats may be heavy indeed. That this lightness is a quality distinct from humour and even from the weight a poet attaches to his words, can be seen in Blake's Songs of Innocence, which seem to have floated off the storm of the Prophetic Books. In Rimbaud's *Saison en Enfer* a similar detachment of little poems is even more curious. The return to childhood, with its nursery rhymes and penny whistles, is no doubt responsible for this particular resemblance, though Rimbaud and Blake have other traits in common; it reveals, as well as strength, a certain naivety. But what of that more baffling "lightness," encountered in Shakespeare's plays and Mozart's operas, which we attach to no mood, which seems a mood created purely out of poetry or music? *Twelfth Night* is both melancholy and gay; Feste's songs are light poetry which strangely moves the heart. In all light poetry of the sort I am discussing—and it enters into Mr. Auden's scheme—there is this equivocation of feeling, so that we do not know precisely what we feel, whether a lyric is happy or nostalgic, whether an old ballad is touching or brutal or both. "Serious" poetry is apt to be more single-minded. How would you take this first verse of "Frankie and Johnny" (modern American ballad) quoted by Mr. Auden?

> Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
> O my Gawd how they did love!
> They swore to be true to each other
> As true as the stars above.
> He was her man, but he did her wrong.

I have heard the last line intoned like a Dies Irae by Sophie Tucker: the effect was startling; yet the whole poem is as jaunty and melodramatic as a gangster film. It is "light" verse, quite apart from its merits, because it comes to us with the accent, not of literature, but of the street corner. It amuses and shocks.

Mr. Auden's definition of "light verse" is interesting. His first requisite is confidence between the poet and a large audience: that hardly exists to-day. He lists three kinds of verse included in his anthology: poetry written to be spoken or sung before an audience, poetry intended to be read but having for its subject matter the common experience of its time, nonsense poetry and nursery rhymes with a wide appeal. All three, it will be seen, assume popular response. The other point to seize is that each marks a step in the progress of poetry and in the diminishing of an audience. Folk poetry is everyone's; the poetry of common experience still belongs to those who reach out for it; nonsense poetry and nursery rhyme, by appealing to the child in us, make a last bid for universality in a world which has driven its poets into ivory towers. The history of English poetry during the last five hundred years has been that of the common lands: one area after another has been seized or ringed off, till now almost nothing remains. Mr. Auden tracks this development through its phases. Not only does his introduction (one of the best and most original in the Oxford series) explain the paradoxes of his choice, but—for me at least—it illuminates a number of problems, not least the incommunicability of modern poetry.

So many attempts have been made by the ivory-towerist to break out. He has turned to prose and written novels (Flaubert, James); he has brought the music-hall into poetry (Cocteau)—but that is a popularism attractive only to highbrows; he has embraced suburbanism and anthropology, like Eliot; industrial life and futurist politics, like Auden himself. He has travelled, slummed, returned to nature; but still he is the figure on the ivory tower. Is there no way out, no means of competing with the daily newspapers? None; unless, with Auden, we believe that it will be through politics. From that point of hopelessness in the present, his book goes back to the richness of the past: the ballads, madrigals, Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*. Lightness—since that is his test—is everywhere to begin with; it narrows in the eighteenth century, almost disappears with the coincidence of Industrial and Romantic Revolutions, so that from the nineteenth century onwards it seems a queer survival. I do not want to give the impression that *The Oxford Book of Light Verse* is a text-book compiled to a theory. It is not; it elaborates brilliantly and lucidly what, to those who do not know Mr. Auden, may have seemed the oddities of his previous anthology, *The Poet's Tongue*. For connoisseurs, it throws light on Mr. Auden. For anyone else—almost literally anyone who can read words in metrical form—*The Oxford Book of Light Verse* will be one of the most entertaining and oddly captivating books they have read.

Few, I think, will know this ballad (Mr. Auden might have provided more information and dates with his pieces):

> As I sat on a sunny bank,
> A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
> As I sat on a sunny bank
> On Christmas Day in the morning.
>
> I saw three ships come sailing by,
> Come sailing by, come sailing by,
> I saw three ships come sailing by,
> On Christmas Day in the morning.
>
> And who d'you think were on the ship,
> Were on the ship, were on the ship,
> And who d'you think were on the ship
> But Joseph and his Fair Lady.

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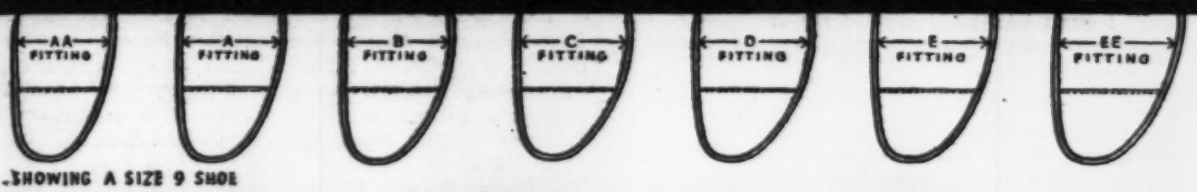

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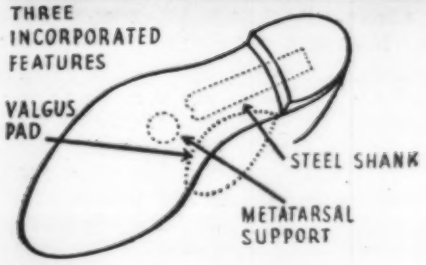

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Times Literary Supplement: "Dr. Viljoen's treatment is admirably comprehensive and systematic, while the exposition is extremely lucid, even though the text is close-packed with information. . . . Let it be added that Dr. Viljoen does everything that he can to promote a critical handling of his many-sided theme; and, while not afraid of taking sides on a controversial point, is always at pains to indicate the strength of his adversary's case.

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O he did whistle and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
For joy our Saviour Christ was born
On Christmas Day in the morning.

(How it would delight a child to sing that in church.) And from the other end of the volume there is this modern ballad, "orally collected":

When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself
And I worked at the weaver's trade;
The only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed in the winter time,
And in the summer too;
And the only thing I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
Where I lay fast asleep;
She laid her head upon my bed
And then began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
She said—"What shall I do?"—
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
And we work at the weaver's trade;
And every, every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of that maid.
He reminds me of the winter-time,
And of the summer too;
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

That seems, except for a phrase, to hark back earlier than the nineteenth century. I have quoted from Mr. Auden's selection these two ballads, not because his book is exclusively composed of ballads, but because they will be unfamiliar and because they illustrate a type of lightness in verse now almost extinct, of which he preserves the last vestiges. His selection, of course, contains many well-known pieces which one is delighted to see again, from Skelton to Lear, *The Wife of Bath's Prologue* to Mr. Belloc's *Lord Lundy;* ballads, nursery rhymes, epitaphs, limericks; extracts from *Macflecknoe* and *Don Juan;* Matthew Prior, Praed and Clough (these especially welcome); a delightful Irish thieves' ballad ("the night before Larry was stretched") and a number of popular songs. Lightness of all sorts, even the glassy hilarity of Mr. John Betjeman, finds a place. It is, in fact, a most surprising and satisfying collection, which gets well under the skin of literature. We are astonished to discover here Marvell's *Upon Appleton House,* Wordsworth's *Reverie of Poor Susan,* Blake's *Auguries of Innocence,* and their emergence in new surroundings enlarges our ideas of poetry. Mr. Auden has not so much isolated a *genre* as revealed a principle. How he managed without repeating *The Oxford Book of Ballads, The Oxford Book of English Verse, The Golden Treasury* and his own *The Poet's Tongue,* I don't know; but he has managed it, delightfully.

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DEATH IN THE CITY

The Culture of Cities. By LEWIS MUMFORD. *Secker and Warburg.* 21*s.* Illustrated.

A city is a living thing. Its past is built into its structure, its traditions and the habits of its citizens, just as its future potentialities are defined by its site and its spirits. Mr. Lewis Mumford, already well known for his *Technics and Civilisation* unfolds in this long and important book a picture of the growth and threatening decline of the modern city in Europe and America.

The city is ailing, as no one who is aware of the trend of modern living can fail to observe. Take one significant fact, the coming decline of population. In America the blighting effect of large cities has been examined in greater detail, and is probably more marked than elsewhere. There the larger the town the fewer the children relative to the women who could bear them. The deficiency can only be made up by a flow of people from the declining countryside, unless migrations from one country to another occur on a huge scale.

The reason for this state of affairs is that the modern city was built, and continues to be built, for profit and not as a place for human beings with certain needs and certain customs to live in. Buildings are cramped together in order that greater profits may be made out of them, and this intensive use of land becomes a vested interest, while the banks, insurance companies, and private landlords who take the huge rents stand in the way of any rebuilding of our cities so that they shall be places fit to live in. Mr. Mumford with impressive eloquence brings home to us how horrible and ill-adapted to its function the modern city is. For horrible it is, though thousands who use it daily hardly seem to notice its evil influence except unconsciously. But ruthlessly the city builds its madness in their brains, until a population, divorced from the simple and refreshing things, can prepare to send bombing planes over cities inhabited by men and women as unhappy as themselves.

It is from the terror of this last possibility that a movement towards decentralisation may begin. In the prophetic last part of *The Culture of Cities,* Mr. Mumford makes a wordy appeal for a reconstruction of our cities on the basis of regions linked together into national economies, united in a world economy, instead of the contemporary pattern of competing imperial economies focused on a growing metropolis.

There are already signs of the new order in the Tennessee Valley Authority, in the recent town plan for Amsterdam, as well as in the projects of reformers. All these things point in the same direction, the direction in which all sane people are looking or moving, towards a society in which life and happiness will be valued above power, prestige, and money. Mr. Mumford's book is worth the formidable undertaking of reading it, for he has amassed a huge amount of information on the growth and life of cities, and has not lost himself in the facts. Among the illustrations, which are often too small, there are some photographs of buildings and landscapes by Ewing Galloway, which are a joy to look at.

OLIVER BELL

The Air and Its Mysteries. By C. M. BOTLEY. *Bell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In spite of its unpromising title and the specially disgusting type used on the wrapper, this is a thoroughly amusing book. It is pleasantly free from the defects of many recent books on scientific subjects which have been designed to give the reader the feeling of full information without the trouble of ploughing through any dreary elementary work; the scientific equivalents of *Inside Europe.* There are two ways in

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which science can be amusing, one is by starting at the bottom and working through boredom until you reach an understanding of what has been done and can understand what has led up to the problems with which scientific workers are faced to-day, and the other is to make do with " general knowledge " that comes up in scientific gossip. This last way is rather like the Tahitian way of playing cards as described by Tom Harrisson: any number of packs are jumbled up and dealt out to any number of people; the players are pleased when they draw court cards because they are bright and pretty; they like the orderly simplicity of the aces but they find the intermediate cards a bit dull. If you play often enough you have a fair chance of getting to know all the cards in the pack; if you go so far as to think about them you might realise they had an order, and if you thought hard you might come to understand some of the simpler card games.

Miss Botley's book is first-class gossip about the atmosphere and court cards are picked out from the packs used in studying various aspects of it. But it rises above gossip in that the relation of these amusing facts to the study of meteorology is explained in a way that leaves the reader in no doubt that a science has been pot-stewed. Readers of *Charles Fort's Lo!* (Gollancz, 1931) will recognise many of the anecdotes, such as sand showers in the Alps, the lethal fog in the Meuse valley, and the observations in the higher atmosphere. But here, as they are not in Fort's lunatic rag-bag, they are related to scientific observations and explained. They remain as fascinating and the exact science is shown to be more interesting still. To describe a book as a good general introduction to meteorology is to put it in a class with *Songs for Stool-ball Players*, or *Cathedrals in Fox-Hunting Centres*, but it is that and it is amusing. The explanation given of the term " Horse Latitudes " smacks of the by-our-lady-bloody school (one may doubt if the export of horses to Jamaica was ever a large trade) and a suggestion that Frenchmen and Italians are not white men strikes a sour note. But as popularisation of an apparently dull subject the book could not be bettered.

Farmer's Creed. By CRICHTON PORTEOUS. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The innards of a farm labourer have always been an unknown factor in the Soil School books; we find him usually kindly, obstinate, steeped in turnip lore, and capable of ringing the changes on two or three adjectives with the maximum of result. How he manages on his long hours, his small wage, and pitiable living conditions is nobody's business. Crichton Porteous helps to fill in the blank, for he ran away from good prospects, a certain inheritance, office stools, and the scandalised protests of his semi-detached family to start work as a labourer on a Cheshire farm; the farm is on the decline, and the men are not interested in the work, their eyes are fixed solely on Friday's pay. Here he starts to grow his roots, and adjust himself, and finds that the rhythm takes away the monotony of the hard work. All the same, he queries the platitudes of his wealthy relations, and whether or no their placid capitalism was right. So he moves from Cheshire to a Peak district farm, where the living is wrung only with difficulty from the soil. Here all is enthusiasm, the farmer is a well-read enlightened despot but none the less a farmer, and the work is harder but infinitely more satisfying; it is almost a co-operative farm, and it is after he has worked here for a year that the description (it is description rather than narrative) finishes. Porteous writes a fascinating book, he has imagination and insight, and he has managed to preserve the balance, which could so easily have been upset; some of the characters are beautifully drawn, but best of all is his description, not of the country scene, but of a first visit to the rich uncle, whom he finds a crushed Little Man, dominated by his black satin wife. Before he throws off the ties of Commerce he feels one qualm when he remembers that all his heroes had gone back again to their Wens: Thoreau returned to his pencil-making and Richard Jefferies wrote his book after he had left the country for Surbiton. So we can hold against him that Porteous himself afterwards became sub-editor on a Manchester paper; his book is too good for that.

Pyrenean Festivals. By VIOLET ALFORD. *Chatto.* 16*s.*

To-day there is hardly an Arlesienne who wears the famous head-dress. The arrival of cinemas and camoins, drives festivals, costumes, quaint customs and dances into the mountains. Even the romantic Mistral movement seems incapable of keeping folk-lore alive in Provence. In the more secluded Pyrenees there is much more surviving of ancient fecundity rites, medieval moralities of *farandoles*, *jotas* or *moriscas*. Miss Violet Alford (who collaborated with Mr. Rodney Gallop in *The Traditional Dance*) has collected a bewildering mass of information about the dances, costumes, tunes of the Pyrenean peoples. An astonishing thing about these secluded civilisations is the easy way in which symbols become reversed and contradictory in neighbouring valleys. Miss Alford's data defy generalisation.

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2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 450

Set by Raymond Alderson

It is possible to describe characters or movements in culinary terms. We offer the usual prizes for recipes suggesting the most suitable ingredients and methods for preparing three of the following dishes. No recipe must exceed 100 words. Consommé Dali; Crème Coward; Sole Buchman; Crab New Statesman; Tripe à la Mode; Canard Tabouis; Hash Wells à l'univers; Harringay verts; Pommes Laughton; Cabinet Pudding; Bombe Balmoral; Gertrude Steinberger, 1882.

Report by Raymond Alderson

Recipes flowed in thick and fast; the level and scope of their culinary genius, though inclined to the Rococo, gives ample excuse for a new restaurant guaranteed to run for 3 months. Though a trifle dazed by this display, a stringent research proved the most popular Aunt Sally to be Sole Buchman, with Cabinet Pudding hot on its heels. I liked Lois Pearson's pudding best (Cabinet Pudding or Plum Duff so called for the absence of Duff. This pudding is no good if badly kneaded. . . .) and it is a pity her others weren't as good. A cover that few dared to tackle, probably too cold to handle, was Bombe Balmoral, though perhaps, as Starlight suggests, the original recipe has been burned and it is handed down from mouth to mouth. The wine was taken even more sparingly, only two sampling so vintage a brew—probably justified in spite of John Mair's " better spätlese than never." And here I will give in full E. Davis' recipe for the wine—again I wish his others were up to that standard.

> This is a vintage grown in the American backwoods, bottled when green, transported to Paris, and brought to maturity by sudden exposure to the limelight. Consequently, it is practically without body, heady and swollen. Even with salt it is a poor substitute for grape juice, proust-froust, or fruit-joyce. It has a distinctly nutty flavour.

A number of would-be cooks disqualified themselves by coping with only one dish, which almost invariably proved to be Tripe à la Mode (take a sheep's head and remove brains—if any). Sole Buchman had a similar stock opening. " Catch your Sole and remove backbone. Leave for quiet time to drain and come clean." Angus Wilson struck a good note with his " What to give the Hubby or a last minute business friend. Sole Buchman, popular among business men and athletes, will solve the problem."

After some hesitation I award the Cordon Bleu to Anthony Butts, who strikes an authentic note and is consistently appetising, with John Usborne a close second. Alan Thomas is an excellent reserve.

FIRST PRIZE

CONSOMMÉ DALI

This highly seasoned, Catalan soupe-à-succès is in great demand at Gala suppers nowadays. Take a nice, big Minotaure bone, a pair of kidneys, and some assorted lights; boil your bone till it is well bleached, using a Bise Böcklin to thicken your stock with. When this is done, drop in your kidneys, etcetera, raw, flavouring the bouillon with a pinch of paranoia, a generous handful of psycho-analytical clichés, and a sprig of Tissot, which will help to colour the broth. Garnish with one or two fetiches, and dish up in a deep lurid perspective.

CRÈME COWARD

Line the inside of a plated dish with Gentleman's Relish, placing in it some vintage memories of " The Lady's Pictorial " and " The Queen " for 1905. Stir in three pints of glucose to one drop of raspberry-vinegar, flavouring with synthetic oil of lavender—(that's for nostalgia)—and some drops of Trefle Incarnat, nail-varnish and Saki. Add a few pages of " The National Review." Simmer for some weeks over a blaze of publicity, and serve rapidly, remembering that Crème Coward is apt to turn sour over-night. Garnish with two period cracks and some Sauce Gladys.

POMMES LAUGHTON

Pommes Laughton are best baked in their own jackets, attempts to use the mantle of Irving for this being generally unsuccessful. For their sauce, take a pint of stock-character, two Baylis-leaves, a spoonful of red blood, two whimsies and a well-chosen neurosis, adding sparingly at intervals a pinch of Art-for-Art's-Sake. Stir well, and thicken with plenty of box-office. Flavour with a soupçon of yearning and some

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extract of he-man, pouring the sauce over the potatoes when half-baked. Serve in a Peter Pan at the foot of a dead Tree. ANTHONY BUTTS

SECOND PRIZE

Consommé Dali

Over a low-burning flame of yellowy-blue in a saucepan resembling a Rococo tray, place a new gramophone recording of Debussy's Prélude a l'après-midi d'un faune. When this is liquid, drop five green tiddly-winks in, each engraved with a miniature of Alfred de Musset. Sprinkle a grated page of Macbeth Q1. Bring to simmer and boil, and then cool off. When set solid, decorate the cold jellified lump with two inverted aspidistras.

(This is a *spécialité* for ugly, nude, sliced-in-half women who have haystacks in their hair.)

Créme Coward

This soup must be pink and gay. From the essence of nuts and nobs extract an adequacy. Let it simmer over a cool grey candelabra for three exquisite moments. Then only when it smells indescribably lovely, pour it over your hair. It must be very, very sweet.

Cabinet Pudding

Gather as many over-ripe plums of Worcestershire as will comfortably fit into a solid pewter O-shaped hat. Bore a hole in the crown just smaller than one plum. Plaster over the plums 15 layers of good starch. Turn Hitler-gas full on and apply match below hat. Sprinkle Red Pepper over starch, and when you hear a curiously human hum issuing from the back of the hat, lift it off the lambent flame and watch the now shrunken plums muddle through the small hole one by one. (N.B.—Do not forget to hold a gas mask underneath.) JOHN USBORNE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 305.—THE RETURN MATCH

Here is Problem 303, "*Concerning Andy Divot*":

Andy Divot, retired millowner and golf devotee (or, as his facetious friends put it, "divotee"), made the following offer to his friend, Duncan Baffy:—

"I'll play you," said Andy, "round the first nine holes of the Niblick Hills Championship course. And the match shall be for money, on the following original basis: First, every hole must be won by one or the other of us—if we halve it, we play it again and continue to play it again until someone has won it. Next, stakes are as follows: If I win an isolated hole, you pay me £1; if I win two holes in sequence, you pay me £1 plus £2, i.e.: £3 in all; if I win three holes in sequence, you pay me £1+£2+£3; and so on up to my maximum of £45, which I should get if I won the lot. You, on the other hand, get £1 from me if you win an isolated hole, but £4 if you win two holes in sequence, £9 if you win three holes in sequence, and so on up to your maximum of £81. I'm assuming, you see, that I'm the better player."

"And it's just like your damned cheek to make that assumption!" was Duncan Baffy's retort. "Anyway, man, the match is on. I don't mind saying now that, in my opinion, I'm every bit as good as you are."

Duncan's opinion is, in fact, well-founded. There is nothing whatever to choose between the two players.

What is Duncan's expectation of gain?

The answer, which has been submitted by a surprisingly large number of solvers, is £3 10s. $0\frac{15}{32}$*d.*

Now read on.

The result of the match was more or less in accordance with Baffy's prediction. Divot won the first, fourth, fifth and sixth holes; Baffy won the other five. Divot, however, remained unconvinced.

"I wasn't at my best, Duncan," he said as he handed over six pounds (in shillings and sixpences). "I'd like to play you over the full eighteen holes on exactly the same terms."

Duncan Baffy grinned broadly. "Man, you're on."

What is Baffy's expectation this time?

Note on the above. I have given the answer to Problem 303, but no indication as to how the result is arrived at. My reason is that the majority of solvers have arrived at their solution by laborious arithmetical processes; unless they are very brave, they will probably not tackle Problem 305. But there is an elegant mathematical approach to the solution, and I should like to give those interested an opportunity to discover this for themselves. It is just as applicable to eighteen holes as to nine.

*A little consideration of the answer may perhaps suggest a clue.

PROBLEM 302.—MIRANDA TURNS THE TABLES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to William Morris, 21, Roxton Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport.

Five points are awarded.

To solvers.

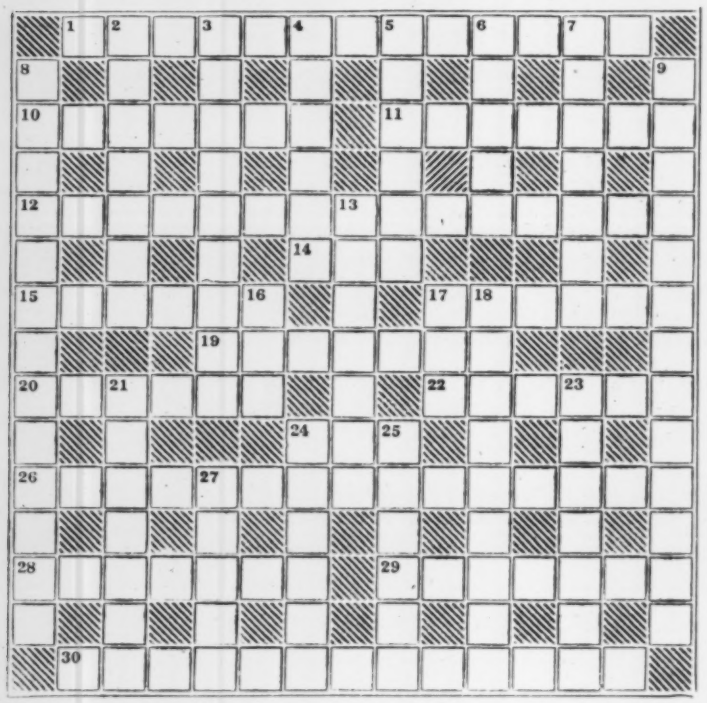
O. H. (Edinburgh); C. W. T. (Liverpool); F. E. M. (Oxford). A. L. K. (Liverpool); S. J. N. (Bristol); E. J. B. (Colwall); T. H. S; (Singapore); R. M. (N.W.1); H. J. D. (Trowbridge); B. J. B. (Sidcup).

Many thanks for your letters and problems. There may be a week or two's delay in answering letters, etc., as my secretary is away until next week. CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 452

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

T. N. Parker, Minster Hotel, York

ACROSS.

1. Not to be reversed over 20. (13)
10. Let a train be arranged to carry the old gun. (7)
11. See 7. (7)
12. Coloured British Ruler? (15)
14. 26 vehicle to be seen any day going 30. (3)
15. In Main St., Ilford. (6)
17. How they clear away after Mess? (6)
19. You may change into a sun-top. (7)
20. "While words of learned length and thundering sound Amaz'd the ——— rustics rang'd around." (6)
22. The strange boy evidently goes in for betting. (6)
24. After the verb it should suffice. (3)
26. Provides passengers with capital rides. (15)
28. Would of course consider himself a matter of fact person. (7)
29. Result of Mercury being confused. (7)
30. Where everyone is musically invited to go for bananas. (13)

DOWN.

2. What the runaway horse does when he comes back? (7)
3. Pre-requisite for getting one's teeth into something. (9)
4. Ingrave. (6)
5. Fishboats. (6)
6. Apparent result of cutting an Olympian. (5)
7. So mortals speak, even when 11. (7)
8. What locks are to women (13)
9. When the fairy made his-story? (13)
13. The only way to make a new gliding record. (7)
16. Kit throws down the gage after it. (3)
17. An Ancient Chinese Way. (3)
18. One would hope not to be. (9)
21. Romany Rye. (7)
23. Many a sportsman takes "pot" luck with it. (7)
24. In the tail of 9 saves it. (6)
25. Not truly worshipful people. (6)
27. Got a good belting in Heaven. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	I	R	R	A	I	D	W	A	R	N	I	N	G	S
L	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	P
S	H	U	T	T	L	E	■	T	I	N	A	M	O	U
O	■	N	■	I	■	P	■	I	■	D	■	E	■	D
■	■	D	I	C	K	E	Y	S	E	A	T	S	■	■
S	■	E	■	■	■	N	■	T	■	D	■	I	■	C
M	U	D	D	L	E	D	■	S	P	E	N	S	E	R
O	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	V	■	■	■	O
C	L	A	M	B	E	R	■	B	R	I	D	L	E	S
K	■	U	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	A	■	S
■	■	D	O	U	B	L	E	D	E	M	O	N	■	■
S	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	A
H	O	B	B	E	M	A	■	I	N	S	T	A	L	L
O	■	L	■	R	■	S	■	M	■	E	■	N	■	E
D	R	E	S	S	R	E	H	E	A	R	S	A	L	S

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

POLITICS AND THE CITY—WOOLWORTH ISSUE—
WALL STREET—THE FRANC.

THE Prime Minister's speech on Tuesday disappointed the City. His denial of reports that the Treasury is preparing to make drastic use of the economy axe as a partial offset to increased expenditure on armaments suggests that the Government is alive to the dangers of a deflationary policy in this phase of the trade cycle; but, even from its own point of view, the City looks askance at the decision not to establish a Ministry of Supply. There are two possibilities. If armament expenditure is really increased on a scale calculated to achieve the sort of defensive power which the City wants, but the expenditure is subject to no better control than joint Inskip-Anderson "co-ordination," the country is faced with a vista of continued waste, profiteering and high costs which will either wreck the Budget beyond repair or necessitate economically paralysing taxation. Alternatively, if rearmament—as seems more likely—is still to be a half-hearted affair, confidence in the security of London as a depository for foreign balances and investment will not be restored, and sterling will be still subjected to recurrent flights of funk money. Neither prospective alternative gives much satisfaction to the City; nor can I find any general disposition to share the complacency with which the Prime Minister appeared to view the prospect of Germany's economic hegemony over South-Eastern Europe. The Balkan countries, said Mr. Chamberlain, will not permit their foreign trade to be monopolised by the Reich; they will want free currency in order to import things which they cannot get from Germany. The desire may exist, though there are few British manufactures not in competition with German goods; but the chances of Germany's willingness to maintain an "open door" policy in Central and South-Eastern Europe are slender and her power to enforce monopolistic trade agreements is immense. Has not Dr. Funk already offered to purchase the whole of Bulgaria's export surplus and declared that he is in a position to make the same offer—on reciprocal terms, of course—to Jugoslavia?

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CVS—114

The event of the week in the City was the Woolworth issue. Philip Hill and Partners offered 2,200,000 ordinary shares of 5*s.* at 58*s.* per share, being a block of the existing quoted ordinary shares which had been acquired from American holders. A feature of the prospectus was the disclosure of the finance house "killing" which seemed much more reasonable than is usual in these non-constructive finance operations. Philip Hill and Partners acquired the shares from America at 55*s.* 3.7*d.*, and after paying underwriting and over-riding commissions, brokerage and the usual expenses of the issue (including stamp duties) the total cost of the shares came to 57*s.* 8.3*d.* per share. In other words, the finance house is only making £33,917. The issue was an instantaneous success, the application money exceeding £32 millions. The technical position of the "old" shares is strong, as the market had foolishly sold short on hearing of the issue, but as underwriters had to take half their underwriting firm there will be plenty of "new" shares to come out. As a long-term holding Woolworths may seem more attractive to many investors than War Loan, for they yield £5 3*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on dividends and £6 10*s.* 2*d.* per cent. on earnings of 1937. It is a pity that the prospectus did not say more than that business "has been fully maintained during the current year." This being November, the directors should have been able to give some clearer indication of the earnings and dividends for 1938.

* * *

As the American elections take place on Tuesday next, the steam has gone out of the Wall Street advance, but it is significant that such "bearish" news as the refusal to grant the railways any wage relief (a very proper decision from every point of view except the market's) should have brought no flood of selling. Perhaps the market was more impressed with the fact that the Class I railroads are now covering their bond interest and that further conferences are to be held to consider Government relief for the distressed roads. It is apparent that investors are no longer disposed to turn out stocks even on the eve of the elections. The evidence of the trade recovery has become so convincing that there is now a distinct preference for stock rather than cash. In fact, any weakness in the market over the election period will probably be used by most investors to acquire more stock. Mr. Roosevelt made two statements this week which ordinarily would have caused a boom in Wall Street. First he has effected a rapprochement between the Government and the big utility corporations which had consistently fought his New Deal legislation, and secondly he announced that he was studying methods of interesting small investment capital in low-cost housing for low income groups which were not reached by the Federal Housing Act. I make bold to recommend some American stocks which might be picked up by British investors on weak days in Wall Street.

	1938.			Earnings first half		Dividend Yield
	Low.	High.	Present Price.	1938.	Divs.	%
American Gas and Electric	19½	36½	34½	$2.20	$1.40	4.06
American Smelting ..	28½	56¾	53½	1.53	2.00	3.74
General Motors	25½	57⅝	49½	0.66	1.00	2.02
North American	13¾	25½	24	3.45	1.20	5.00
Standard Oil of New Jersey	39¾	58½	53½	—	2.00	3.74
U.S. Pipe and Foundry ..	21½	49⅜	46½	1.12	2.00	4.32

I have included an oil company stock partly because the oil situation is not as bad as the market believes, and partly because the recent cuts in crude prices assist rather than injure a large distributor like Standard Oil of New Jersey, which has to buy a proportion of its crude oil requirements.

* * *

While the French Cabinet has been engaged, according to the official communiqué, in considering "measures judged necessary for re-establishing a balanced Budget," the franc has been a distinctly weak currency. Thanks partly to support from the British "control," the spot rate has been held fractionally below 179, but there has been considerable selling of forward francs and the rate for three months' delivery has risen to nearly 186. The succession of M. Reynaud to M. Marchandeau at the Ministry of Finance presumably means a change in the nature of the "necessary measures"; a fresh devaluation may be ruled out of account for the moment, and M. Reynaud has no love either for capital levies or exchange control. But the straits of the Treasury insistently demand relief. The advances of the Bank of France to the State are within 4 milliards of the permissible maximum of Frs. 30 milliards.

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MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI. Bobby Get Your Gun. Thur., Sat.
ALDWYCH. They Fly By Twilight. W. S.
AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting Wed., Fri.
COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats.
COMEDY. Room for Two. Tu., Fri.
GLOBE. Robert's Wife Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.
MERCURY. Shaw & Soviet Comedy. Sat.
OLD VIC. Hamlet. Thur., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.
S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.
SAVOY. Lot's Wife. Mon., Sat.
SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.
STRAND. Banana Ridge. Th. & Sat. (12th).
VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., S.
WESTMINSTER. Dangerous Corner. W., S.
WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed., Sat.

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Wed.,	Nov. 9th.	8.0.	CARMEN.
Thurs.,	Nov. 10th.	8.30.	BALLET — NOCTURNE HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET (Couperin). (First Performance). CHECKMATE.
Fri.,	Nov. 11th.	7.45.	TANNHAUSER.
Sat.,	Nov. 12th.	2.30.	BALLET—LES RENDEZ-VOUS, HOROSCOPE, HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET.
Sat.,	Nov. 12th.	7.45.	AIDA.

THEATRES

ADELPHI (Tem. 7611.) Evgs., 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
BOBBY GET YOUR GUN
GERTRUDE NIESEN. DIANA CHURCHILL.

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) Evgs., 8.30. W. S. 2.30.
RICHARD BIRD in
THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT
by Paul Dornhurst.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
SPRING MEETING
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ROOM FOR TWO

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Mats., Th., Sat., 2.30
GYLES ISHAM and WANDA ROTHA.
ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA
by Katriona and Elizabeth Sprigge.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**
GEORGE BLACK'S ROLLICKING MUSICAL FROLIC.

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ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
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Also "LIVING NEWSPAPER" No. 2: "CRISIS," and "SENORA CARRAR'S RIFLES."
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ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

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GERARD SAVORY.

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The Boy David
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November 7th. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
Jack Payne with his Band, Anona Winn, Bob Bromley and his Puppets, Jack La Vier, Hatton & Manners, etc.
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Princesse Marthe Bibesco's world-famous love romance.

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Two world-famous singers in
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TUESDAY, Nov. 29th
} At 9 O'CLOCK.
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IMPERIAL CONCERT AGENCY, 175 Piccadilly, W.

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15 PAINTINGS OF LONDON and
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NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS at present on show at Paul and Marjorie Abbatt's include not only the loveliest and most outstanding of the new season's books from British publishers, but also many American books of special interest. 94 Wimpole Street, W.1.

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STANDARD 1933, "Big Twelve" Saloon, perfect throughout, £30. Ryde House, Ripley 230, Surrey.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way (formerly Hart Street), W.C.1. Telephones in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s weekly: with dinner 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 gns weekly. Vic. 7289.

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RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

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ASHDOWN FOREST, THE CLOCK HOUSE NUTLEY, Sussex. A delightful GUEST HOUSE in 7 acres. Central heating, open fires, running hot and cold water, electric light, garage, own garden produce, chickens, eggs and milk. Good chef. Special terms for autumn and winter. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Hotel. Ideal for people on leave. Sun lounge. Private bath and sitting rooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

SEAFORD. Miss MITCHELL, Claremont House, Claremont Road. Facing south and sea. Central heating, gas fires and h. and c. water in bedrooms. Vegetarian.

AUTUMN WEEK-ENDS in WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Good fires, home-made fare. 6s. a day. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

WALKING week-ends in Sussex woods. Veg. cooking. HILL, 65 High St., Three Bridges.

BRIGHTON (Saltdean). Comfortably furnished brick bungalow from 18s. 6d. Particulars: 25 Church Crescent, London, N.20. Enterprise 2628.

REDUCED Winter terms at White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Central heating, open fires, running H. & C. Rottingdean 9614.

WEST SUSSEX. 10 miles Worthing, Horsham. Guests taken, short or long periods; warm house, facing south, modern conveniences. Golf, riding, car available. GREEN, Redcot, Thakeham. 'Phone: Coolham 83.

NORFOLK for convalescence and holidays. LIBRA provides special comforts and facilities, including excellent vegetarian diet. Interesting illustrated booklet free on request, Mrs. JEWSON, Libra, Dereham, Norfolk. 'Phone: Gressenhall 221.

PENSION Saint Michel Lacroix Var Sud-France. Very economical winter in quiet, supremely lovely surroundings, strongly recommended by Col. Delahaye. Quote N.S.

XMAS IN PARIS—POPULAR FRONT WEEK-END, from December 23rd–27th, including Grand Xmas Party, Cabaret Bal Tabarin, etc. Write for detailed programme. PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

MOSCOW FOR THE NEW YEAR. Special "New Year in Moscow" Tour, leaving London on December 26th by overland route, returning January 7th. Seven whole days in Moscow! Two sightseeing excursions per day! See Moscow in its winter garb. Join the Soviet Workers in their Winter Sports. Cost of Tour, £16 13s. Book immediately. PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: Winter, from 40 frs. Summer, from 50 frs. LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

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BRUSSELS. Paying guests accepted in comfortable and cultured home. All enquiries to DR. HUTCHISON 3 Devonshire Place, W.1.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.

For Sale, To Let and Wanted

ON BLACKHEATH (S.E.). In a quiet close, adjacent to Greenwich Park, 10 maisonettes, planned by an Architect in the Queen Anne style, with every detail carefully studied. Rents £105 to £125 p.a. STOCKER & ROBERTS, 2/3 Junction Approach, Lewisham, S.E. Lee Green 3771/3.

PEACEFUL, sunny Angmering. To let, for winter months, comfortably furnished cottage, two bedrooms (sleep six), sitting-room, kitchenette, bathroom (geyser), gas cooking stove, electric light, indoor sanitation. Two minutes from sea and shops; buses into Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton. 10s. per week for long let. Box 3195.

WE are just completing a small scheme of four-bedroom houses in a quiet central position at Welwyn. For sale at £1,075 and £1,175 and a few to rent from £92 p.a. If you think of living in this pleasant unspoiled town (only 30 mins. from King's Cross) send a card for particulars to N. S. WILLIAMS, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Or 'phone Welwyn Garden 248.

SMALL house, 4 beds., 2 sitting-rooms, garden. Near Park. £5 5s. weekly, 6 weeks from Dec. 15th. 26 Stanford Road, W.8.

STUDIO with gallery, bedroom, bathroom, kitchenette, in charming Italian garden, £100 p.a.; another larger, beautifully fitted, newly built, £150 p.a. Apply Owner, Chelsea Studios, 416 Fulham Road.

ARTIST'S beautiful studio flat, sleep 5 or 6, to be let furnished in Paris near the Luxembourg Garden. Central heating, every comfort, sunny, airy. 3 gns. a week. 'Phone Secretary, Linguists Club; Hol. 2921 or Paris Odéon 6045.

STUDIO kitchen and bath, self-contained, to let in January. STUART. PAD. 3172.

CONVENIENT for City. First floor, 3 rooms, private house, £6 mthly. Write: 16 Ossian Rd., N.4.

WANTED, August 5th–26th, 1939, house with grounds suitable for conference 35–40 people. YOUNG, 16 Highbury Grove Court, N.5.

JANUARY, wanted in W2, W8, W11, flat in converted house, 3-4 rooms, 1st or 2nd floor, quiet, good outlook. STUART. PAD. 3172.

ACCOMMODATION

To Let and Wanted

A BACK WITH A VIEW. Over lovely gardens. Tennis. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s., bed b'fast; 37s. 6d., part board. Also FLATLETS (unfurn.). Alcove basins. Kitchenettes, private baths from 18s. 6d. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

EXCEPTIONALLY attractive double room, 30s. each part board. Also single room with private bath. Eight week sub-let, £2 2s. p.b. PRI. 6466.

HYDE PARK, 41 Cambridge Terrace, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

DEAL, Kent. Send for photo of our sea view. Very good cooking. Single 3½, Double 5½ gns. LLOYD, 9 Castle Road.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. Central. Bed-breakfast, 21s. weekly. Recommended. P., 75 Lambeth Palace Road, S.E.1.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Private maisonette. Bed-sitting rooms with breakfast and bath. 35s. and 25s. PRI. 3320.

DIVAN rooms recommended to professional and business men, newly decorated, furnished, H. & C., dining room. Close tube, buses. Room, breakfast, dinner, 2 gns. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

YOUTH HOUSE—the residential centre for progressive youth. Internationalism and fellowship in active communal life. Single bed-sitting rooms, 17s. 6d. p.w. For particulars apply: SECRETARY, Youth House, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1. GULliver 5189.

CHELSEA. Ideal modern one-room service suites. Single from 25s. weekly. Double, 42s. 6d. 29 Oakley Street, Chelsea. Flaxman 9864.

W.C.1. One-roomed flatlets. Use kitchens. One has private kitchen. Mus. 8059 before 1 p.m.

WELL-FURNISHED, newly decorated large bed-sitting room, fitted dressing cupboard, suitable one or two. Quiet airy flat, all modern conveniences. Meals by arrangement. PRI. 1666 or 63a Fellows Road, N.W.3.

HAMPSTEAD. Divan room, 5 mins. tube and Heath. Partial board, 35s. HAM. 4535.

GENTLEMAN (45) offers most comfortable and cheery bed-sitting room, service and use bath, in his Bayswater flat. Holborn 4203.

BUSINESS woman wants quiet, furnished bed-sitting room in private flat, with use kitchen, bathroom, telephone, in Mecklenburgh or other Bloomsbury Square or Doughty Street. Reasonable inclusive rent. Box 3210.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

BUSTON MANOR, Hunton ('Phone: 85174), near Maidstone, Kent, for small conferences, schools, parties, etc. Moderate week-end terms. Enquiries invited.

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For particulars and terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

UNUSUAL hand-woven carpets from Cyprus, made of Goat's wool and flax, are reversible. Size 12ft. × 9ft.; £7. Send for samples to sole importer: GERALD HOLTOM, 259B Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

SOUTH AFRICAN fresh-cut flowers. "Marvel" brand Chincher Inchee. Last 4 to 6 weeks, delivered in bud any address United Kingdom. 7s. 6d. box appr. 100 blooms. Address orders with remittance to "Flowers" S.A. Department, John Palmer, Junr. & Co., Imperial House, South Street, London, E.C.2.

MISS OLIVER. High Colonic Irrigation. Arthritis, Catarrh, Obesity, Constipation, Asthma. Langham 2651.

FOR SALE. Complete furniture divan room, £5; Broadwood piano, £6; H.M.V. radio, £5. Condition perfect. Box 3239.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED for Convalescent Cases now and throughout the Winter. Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 749

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The Civil Service Commissioners announce a vacancy for an Assistant Director of Examinations in their Department. The post will be filled by competitive interview held at the Civil Service Commission on Tuesday, December 20th, 1938. Application for interview must be made by Thursday, December 1st, 1938, on a form which can be obtained, with full information, from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1.

The post is open to both sexes. Candidates must be between 24 and 30 years of age on December 1st, 1938. They should be university graduates with honours in mathematics, preferably first class. Some knowledge of physics or engineering would be of value. Experience in teaching is also a valuable qualification.

For men the present scale of salary begins at £335 a year and rises by annual increments to £850. For women the present scale begins at £335 and rises to £685. The usual superannuation rules of the Civil Service are applicable.

URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL OF ENFIELD.

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARY ASSISTANTS.

The Council invite applications for the appointment of: (*a*) Two Male Junior Library Assistants (Grade "A"); and (*b*) Male Library Assistant (Grade "B") in the Public Libraries. Applicants for (*a*) should be not less than 16 nor more than 18 years of age; and for (*b*), should be between 23 and 26 years of age.

The salary in the case of (*a*) for an applicant 16 years of age, will be £60 per annum, rising, subject to satisfactory service, by two annual increments of £20 and four of £15, to a maximum of £160 per annum, provided that the Elementary Examination of the Library Association, or its equivalent in the School of Librarianship, has been passed. Until this examination has been passed, the maximum salary will be £140 per annum.

Applicants for (*b*) must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, or must hold the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. The salary for this appointment will be £175 per annum, rising, subject to satisfactory service, by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £205 per annum.

The salary, both for (*a*) and (*b*), will be subject to a deduction of 5 per cent. in pursuance of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922.

Further particulars of the appointment, educational qualification required, and forms of application (which are to be returned not later than noon on 26th November, 1938) will be supplied by the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

S. J. DABBS,
Clerk of the Council.

Public Offices,
Enfield, Middlesex.
5th November, 1938.

INDIA. Wanted mistresses (Kindergarten and Domestic Science) for European High School in Hills. Interest in missionary work, international friendliness and children's spiritual welfare essential. Apply Kimmins High School, Panchgani, Bombay Presidency, India.

WANTED urgently, regular voluntary secretarial help (with own typewriter if possible) for professional committee arranging training for Austrian and German refugee women. Write MISS PYE, 44 Upper Park Road, N.W.3.

LADY Secretary for factory, 35 miles from London. Accustomed commercial correspondence, some knowledge German. Fullest particulars, salary. Box 3248.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST, recommended by employer retiring; young English lady, well educated, experienced, fluent French, book-keeping, office routine; practical, neat, obliging. Moderate salary. "Advertiser," 58 Sheen Park, Richmond, Surrey.

UNIVERSITY woman, trained journalist, public speaker, interested politics, seeks full- or part-time post. Working knowledge French, shorthand, typing. Box 3026.

WANTED, part-time employment, domestic, secretarial, or with children. N.W. London preferred WAITTE, 57 Great North Way, N.W.4.

YOUNG man (21), public school, Continental education, Matric., fluent French, slight knowledge German, Spanish, urgently desires trainee literary position. Initial salary immaterial. Box 3222.

LADY secretary, experienced, well-educated, progressive outlook, seeks congenial London post, requiring initiative. Literary, sociological or educational preferred. 'Phone: Northwood 1326.

GRADUATE, six years' experience of library, literary, historical and social work, good shorthand and typewriting, seeks post. Box 3242.

M.A., 36 (1st Class Honours English) Progressive outlook and experience, seeks post. Box 3077.

AUSTRIAN couple, Jews, desire post. Wife excellent cook, dressmaker, knitter. Husband trained butler, joiner. Excellent references. Box 3246.

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WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH, BEST PRICES PAID. LOEB CLASSICS WANTED. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET, E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)

INSIDE STORY of the week's political and foreign news is in *The Fleet Street Letter*, 12s. 6d. yearly. Write for free copy. 17 Greenhill, Hampstead.

SCIENTIFIC AND MATHEMATICAL BOOKS, NEW AND SECONDHAND. Catalogue No. 58 just issued, post free. DEIGHTON, BELL & CO., LTD., English and Foreign Booksellers, 13 Trinity Street, Cambridge.

OBITUARY

MORTIMER. On October 27th, 1938, Arthur Harley, beloved husband of Kathleen Ann, passed peacefully away at 35 Wentworth Avenue, Bournemouth.

PERSONAL

OUT-OF-WORKS may join free Community Home. Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION: Dept. of Child Development. Nursery play group, not more than six children, 2–5 years, now received each morning, 9.30–12. Three guineas per term. Write DR. SUSAN ISAACS.

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

WOMAN graduate, psychologist, successful clinical and teaching experience, free to coach backward or normal child. HICKMAN, 1 Mornington Place, N.W.1. (Eus. 2652.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM AND TOMATO EXPERT, educated, progressive, down on his luck, urgently seeks better post than jobbing gardening. Suitable Working Manager for glasshouses or large private garden. Excellent testimonials. PARKYN, Titsey Rectory, Oxted, Surrey.

WILL someone offer chance young Austrian couple, cook, gardener-handyman, husband threatened with concentration camp? Wife here holds working permit. Box 3235.

STUDENT wants French lessons by French national. Write Box 3227.

YOUNG person of more responsible age is invited to spend the Christmas school holidays in professional man's home in cathedral city to act as companion to daughter (10 years of age), an unusually nice child. Honorarium offered. Box 3216.

BOOK WANTED. Old school book (1880's). Black's Students' Manual. Derivations from Greek and Latin. DR. BUEBLEY, Ridge House, Weybridge.

GERMAN conversation required, preferably in district, evenings. BURTON, 7 Hillview Crescent, Orpington, Kent.

LEFT-WING graduate on leave from India, January to June, wants suggestions how to serve peace and progress. Apply Box 3209.

AUTHOR desires assistance of Left-wing political student with knowledge of *Indian and modern European* constitutional problems; must be English and have University degree. Box 3208.

DARBY and Joan—their latest move—
He smokes TOM LONG and *both* approve.

MINIATURE camera users, send to me for fine-grain developing. Every film processed individually. Price list on request. WALSH, 70 Grand Parade, Brighton.

TUBERCULOSIS TREATMENT. Wonderfully successful Jewish doctor and capable wife must leave Central Europe. Will anyone help save them from dispair by assisting emigration? Particulars from "Mitleid." Box 3184.

ANTHONY PANTING'S Christmas cards are on sale or show in Bloomsbury at the Challange Bookshop, in Baker Street at No. 34 (John and Lanta Spurrier), in Cambridge at Gordon Fraser's and Heffer's, and in Oxford at Ryman's and W. H. Smith's.

HAVE YOU A GIFT TO MAKE? Send a dainty "Grove & Garden" Token for Flowers or Fruit. Any value from 5s. Particulars: GROVE & GARDEN, LTD., 26 Long Acre, W.C.2. (PAD. 5591.)

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